



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A  
VISIT TO DALGARNOCH;

OR,

Stories

OF

SCOTTISH PIETY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RICHARD GORDON."

---

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR CHALMERS & COLLINS;

WM. WHYTE & CO. AND WM. OLIPHANT, EDINBURGH;  
R. M. TINS, AND W. CURRY, JUN. & CO. DUBLIN; AND  
G. B. WHITTAKER, F. WESTLEY, AND J. NISBET, LONDON.

1489

2542



To the Bodleian  
Library,

December 20, 1912,

Edward S. Lodgson.







Drawn by A. Henderson

Engr'd on Steel by J.

The little girl repeated this story in a few words, and by starts, as she walked, or rather ran before me, to conduct me by the easiest way, to the tower.

Vide Page 11<sup>th</sup>

PUBLISHED BY CHALMERS & COLLINS, GLASGOW, 1825.

A

**VISIT TO DALGARNOCH**

1914.

13.

1914.  
1915.  
1916.

1917.

1918.

1919.

1029.



The little girl repeated this story in a few words, and by starts, as she walked, rather ran before me, to conduct me by the easiest way, to the tower.

Vide Page 11<sup>th</sup>

PUBLISHED BY CHALMERS & COLLINS, GLASGOW, 1825.

A  
VISIT TO DALGARNOCH;  
OR,  
**Stories**  
OF  
SCOTTISH PIETY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"RICHARD GORDON."

---

GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR CHALMERS & COLLINS;  
WM. WHYTE & CO. AND WM. OLIPHANT, EDINBURGH;  
B. M. TMS, AND W. CURRY, JUN. & CO. DUBLIN; AND  
G. B. WHITTAKER, F. WESTLEY, AND J. NISBET, LONDON.

---

1825.

text-book, or the chair of the lecturer; and not a few appeared, with countenances so abstracted, as to show, that though their bodies were here, their minds were roaming far away, among the green fields, and mountains, of their native habitations. Even upon the most studious, the winning approach of spring, had shed its influence. The countenances that had been pale, during the cold months, with many a midnight vigil, and many an occult investigation, were now brightening in the sun, and relaxing their severity into a smile. All who were not the immediate natives of the city, were turning their eyes with one accord, to the direction in which their abode was situated, forming many a dear waking vision of "home, sweet home!"

At last, the tardy April departed. Our little literary world, whose joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, are solely its own, seemed to brighten, through all its pinnacles and towers, as the day dawned, which would emancipate its inhabitants: and that day was come. The Olympiad was expired, on whose termination, its guiltless honours were

A

# VISIT TO DALGARNOCH.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE DYING GIPSY.

THE chill breezes were gone; the winter was ended; and the "flowery May" was awakening all nature, to a resurrection of life and gladness.

A short time previous to its coming, the scholastic courts of our University were exhibiting the genial influences of the season. The crowds were daily growing thinner, from the numbers who departed, to hail its arrival; those who remained, were becoming less studious, and more impatient; the juniors, especially eyeing more frequently the sunshine, that poured itself in long streams through the panes of the windows, than the

time to be one. The friend of my early years, the venerable minister of Dalgarnoch, had, a long time previous to this, invited me to spend a few weeks at the Manse; his delightful residence was connected with the fairest of my early associations; and I had looked forward to the beginning of the summer's recess, as the period when my happiness would be completed, and my former recollections turned once more into reality. Under this impression, the rising of the College seemed to have been unaccountably delayed. For some time past, I had counted the weeks, the days, and even the hours, which appeared to pass in slower succession, than before. But time had moved on with his usual rapidity—with too much rapidity, as we generally confess at last—and the same day which gave us manumission from our labours, beheld me on the western road, a happy and active pedestrian, occasionally musing over the past, dreaming over the future; or halting at intervals, to examine some picturesque part of the landscape, which appeared at intervals in my journey.

Having been, for the course of a twelve-

---

month, pent up within the gross vapours of the crowded city, every thing, for the present was new, and every thing delightful, though the land-marks were all familiar to my eye, having often travelled the same journey before. It is in the midst of so delightful a change, that we subscribe to the truth of the poet's declaration, that "God made the country, but man makes the town." Escaping from the thick dun atmosphere of a town, and the pressure of severe mental exercise, I had emerged at once into the wide clear landscape, strong in health, buoyant in youthful spirits, alive to the present enjoyments, and without a care for the morrow. It is then, that the breath of the gale is fragrance, and its voice a sound of melody. The bright blue sky above, and the green earth beneath, with all its hills and plains, with all its woods and waters, unfold themselves at once to the eye, in their richness and magnificence; and then it is, we feel, that this creation is indeed beautiful. But cold, cold and ungrateful are our hearts, if we stop short at this conclusion, which is dictated by mere sensual enjoyment. The very birds that sing over our heads, the

cattle that wander upon the hills, with a more joyful step, show, that they too can appreciate its loveliness. The delightful feeling should rather serve as a monitor, to point our contemplations upward to that benevolent Father of creation, who has given us a resting place so beautiful. Those briers and thistles, among which the children of Adam are doomed to toil,—how quickly they disappear, before the industry of man! A Paradise arises in that place, which was but lately the abode of desolation, and sterility. Though we are but pilgrims, and sojourners upon earth, yet the Almighty has adorned this our temporary inn, with beauty, and splendour, and stored it with abundance; and, among these, has enabled us to enjoy a delightful foretaste of those “mansions,” which his Son has gone to prepare for us.

I had travelled onward for several miles, enjoying the scene with a higher relish, from such a course of reflections, when the train was suddenly interrupted. A little girl, who was standing before me, in the middle of the road, at a distance, no sooner perceived me, than, running at full speed to meet me, she

---

at last came up, quite breathless; and, seizing me by the arm with eager violence, she cried out, in an eager breathless tone, "Oh, Sir, are you a Doctor?"

A frantic anguish, was painted upon a wild expressive face, which could not be above eight or nine years old; and the swarthy hue of her cheek, with the uncommon darkness of her eyes, and hair, together with the exotic conformation of the features, seemed to point her out, as one belonging to the genuine Gipsy origin. "Oh, come away," she continued, dragging me from the road side, "and look at my poor mammy, who lies dying yonder; and there is none to heal her!" Her dark countenance became alternately flushed, and pale, with eagerness; while her impatient gestures showed that she grudged every moment of delay. "Where is your mother, my little woman?" I asked; touched with the sight of a distress, which none could have witnessed without sympathy. "She lies yonder," she replied, pointing to a grey ruined tower upon the height, about half a mile from the road,— "when I came down, she was so ill that she could not speak



to me ; and before I can get back again"—the anguish of her little heart prevented her from uttering the terrible suspicion, that ere this time, her mother might be dead. She burst into a fresh flood of tears, and could only cry out, " Oh, my mother—my poor mother ! "

I understood, from a few hurried sentences which she uttered by the way, as I accompanied her, that while the wretched troop to which her mother belonged, were travelling in this part of the country, she had been seized with a malignant fever. The idea of infection, and all its consequences of long confinement, had such a terrible appearance to these restless outcasts, that they had hurried her away to that deserted ruin, struck their encampment, and hastened to another part of the country ; and left her attended only by her infant daughter, to languish, and perhaps to die unaided. The affectionate child had hung over her mother, denying herself sleep, and food, that she might minister to her wants ; but all was unavailing. Nearly two days had been past in this lonely recess, unvisited by any friend, or stranger.

The little girl repeated this story in a few words, and by starts, as she walked, or rather ran before me, to conduct me by the easiest way, to the tower; and I followed her, though I was hopeless of being able to yield relief. At last, we arrived at the ruin. It was one of those massy square towers, which, two or three centuries ago, had been denominated a Peel, but was now half buried in surrounding rubbish; while its walls, rent in many places, and fringed with ivy and wild brier, afforded a passage to the winds and rain; the water had free entrance, also, by the top, that was entirely uncovered. And this wretched place contained the chamber of death! An ass was munching thistles close to the wall; while its panniers, lying at random upon the ground, and their contents scattered among its feet, completed the revolting picture of external desolation.

A narrow gateway, half-choked up with rubbish, was the place at which we entered; and by the feeble light of a loop-hole in the wall, we went down a sloping passage, to what had once been a cellar, but its arched roof still remaining, made it the only sheltered

part of the building. A few sticks glimmered feebly, at the extremity of this wretched den of misery : and by its flickering light, I saw the shadowy form of a woman breathing painfully, and moaning as if in a state of extreme sickness, but as motionless as if she formed a part of the surrounding ruins. Her only bed, was a quantity of moss and fern, over which was spread a piece of ragged cloth, that had once been a coverlet. She suspended her moanings, as we entered, and turned her dying eyes, to ascertain our approach, when she heard the sound of our feet. The little girl knelt down, took the hand of the sufferer in her own, and pressed it to her bosom; and exclaimed in a tone of fond endearment, "Mother—dear mother, do you yet know your own little Sarah?"

"No, never can I forget the dear little lassie, who would not leave me, when kith and kin were gone!" replied the feeble voice, that trembled with approaching dissolution. "Come near me, my darling child, and let me look upon your face, till my old eyes are closed for ever!" The little girl approached nearer, and folded her arms affectionately

around her mother's neck. Her little heart, awed for the moment, at the strange solemnity of the spectacle, was repressing in silence its store of overpowering grief; while she turned upon me her wild dark eye, in expressive silence, which asked me more powerfully than words could have done—"Is there no hope—are you not able to give help to my poor mother?"

Alas! I was no medical practitioner; and this was a case beyond the power of mortal remedy. A far different source of help was now necessary for the sufferer. Her respirations were always becoming more difficult, and the symptoms of mortal pain more irrepressible. I stooped down, that I might be enabled to address her more easily, while I trembled at this spectacle of death, so fearfully surrounded by darkness and desolation. "Call upon God in your misery, for he alone can help you now," I said.—I was horror-struck, to observe the contempt and indignation, which her dark features, expressive even in death, manifested at the proposal.

"Oh, call upon Him, even yet," I rejoined, determined to make a final effort.

"Perhaps you have sinned, and sinned most deeply, yet He is able to save you. Perhaps you have never called upon him before, and fear that he will not receive you now; but he waits to be gracious, even to the very last. It may be that you cannot use the language of prayer, but it is the *feeling* of prayer that he seeks."—Her brows were bent more wrathfully than before, at the proposal; her whole countenance was expressive of ire, and scorn; and she feebly turned away her head, as if she were determined to hear no more.

I shuddered at the spectacle of such fearful obstinacy, and asked in astonishment at the little girl, "Does not your mother believe in God?"

"I do not know," she cried, "for I never heard her speak of him." She had listened to the conversation, if such it might be called, and it had inspired her ignorant affection, with a new and wild hope. "Who is God," she cried, starting from her position, "and where is he—can he help my mother?" She hurried on her little cloak, and appeared like one ready to run wherever I might direct her.

"Tell me where he is," she exclaimed, "and I will go and find him.—Do not think it is too far," she added eagerly, seeing me turn round, to hide my emotions of sorrow; "I will go any where, for my poor mother."

What was to be done, in the midst of such fearful ignorance, and more fearful obstinacy? Alas! it was a case, in which human power, or wisdom, was a mere mockery. I turned, to look at the sufferer, who now seemed to lie in a state of insensibility, while her faint breathings were the only tokens which she gave of life. "Oh God!" I mentally exclaimed, as I gazed upon the spectacle, "if we may dare to ask a miraculous interposition of thy Spirit in a moment like this—if thou wilt yet descend into the departing soul, even when the eyes are sightless, and the tongue is silent, and waken within the heart a repentance and faith, which, even with its last beat, will be acceptable in thy sight"—I paused over the unfinished ejaculation, fearful that I had asked too much. The object of my solicitude, by this time, was far beyond the reach of my sympathy. The convulsive change of

the countenance was come ; the fearful rattling in the throat ; and all those portentous symptoms, which proclaimed that death had entered the apartment, and was standing in the midst of us. The little girl started, and shrieked : in a life such as that which she had led, she was too well acquainted with the fatal symptoms, to mistake them. She raised the head of her mother upon her breast ; and, in that moment, the struggling spirit of the sufferer departed—but whither ? With fear and trembling, let us commit it to that Being, who, judge as he may, yet always judges mercifully and justly.

Painful as this sight had been, the scene of affliction was not yet closed : the burst of misery, long suppressed in her deserted child, now broke forth in shrieks, which she no longer cared to stifle, and tears, which she could not now repress. Wholly unconscious of my presence, she addressed the lifeless form, during the intervals of her agony, with terms of infantine endearment. “ Oh my Mother, my Mother ! have you left me behind you ? I wish I could die with you, my Mother ! ” Her passionate excla-

mations, even yet, seem to thrill in my ears. It was in vain to think of interposing, with deeds of kindness, or words of consolation. The only being, who, perhaps, had ever loved her, or whom she had ever loved, was gone; and what could soothing words avail her now? The world may charm other youthful hearts, when every friend has forsaken them; but the world was to her, a place in which she was proscribed, and with which she had never held communion. She threw herself down, exhausted with her ex-  
 ceeding sorrow, her moaning every moment becoming fainter; yet still she continued to weep, with an anguish that would not be comforted.

Her voice had sunk into a long succession of inarticulate sobs; and I was endeavouring, though in vain, to administer words of consolation, when steps were heard on the outside; the light at the entrance was suddenly obscured; and a rough voice, calling out, "Sarah! Sarah!" partially awakened her attention. She slowly turned her head, at what appeared to be a well-known voice. A dark rugged-looking man entered, who,



by his appearance, seemed not only to be of the same tribe with the deceased, but a very near relation, probably a brother. But it was a revolting spectacle, to behold the apathy with which he regarded the dead, from under his shaggy lowering brows, while he muttered, in a tone of hard indifference, "Aye, aye, she has got to her home at last. —Sarah," he added, "you must come along with me. No sulking, now; for your friends are waiting for you." The little girl had drawn away her hand from the grasp of her unfeeling uncle. She had naturally looked to him for sympathy; but, while she trembled at his unfeeling coarseness, his behaviour to the dead, with the recollection of his late desertion, struck a fresh blow upon her heart. Turning from her unfeeling relative, and again clasping the body in her little arms, and pressing her lips to the cheek, which was already cold, "Mother," she whispered into the lifeless ear, "they are taking me from you—Never, never did you treat me so cruelly as my uncle."

He led, or rather dragged her away, while almost stupified with the excess of her la-

mentations; and I mechanically followed their footsteps. At the door, there stood an elder of the church, and the parish constable, whom he had succeeded in bringing to the spot, that they might either comfort her while dying, or bury her when dead. As for himself, he seemed to think that by these precautions, he had amply discharged all the duties of a brother. In a few moments, the panniers were replaced upon the ass, which was carelessly feeding at the door; the little girl, in her weakness, was secured upon them, and the animal led away. I was almost blinded, on suddenly emerging from the dark and tainted dungeon, into the pure clear atmosphere; and when I recovered from its effects, I saw the unfortunate child at a distance, under the charge of her brutal relative, while her sobs were faintly borne through the distance, to my ear.

Different were now the feelings, with which I made my way to the main road, and prosecuted my journey. In one short hour, I had witnessed a blending together of human suffering, and human ignorance, in their greatest extremes. A wretched being had

been torn from existence, without comfort, and without hope; and the only heart that remained to weep for her, seemed to be condemned to nothing but a life of suffering and sorrow. And who, for a moment, had thought of the afflictions that were gathered around yon secluded spot? The sons and daughters of festivity around them, were still as joyous as ever, and as unconscious as the little birds, which sported among the branches of the ruin; not knowing that so near them a youthful heart was breaking, and a hopeless spirit departing.

I had witnessed the awful spectacle before, of a soul dismissed from the world; but never departing under the impression of such feelings, nor surrounded by such fearful accompaniments. Under this influence, the creation, in whose beauties I had so lately exulted, was covered up and shrouded. The sky was still as beautiful and calm, and the scenery as inviting; but the heart which had been impressed with the contemplation of such a tragedy, was no longer fitted to enjoy them; and therefore the sunshine of gladness was departed. Even in the breeze, I could fancy

that I heard, at times, the dying sigh. Much of the remaining part of my journey was performed in pensive thought, and heaviness of heart. It required the stir and fatigue of travelling, the continual change of scene, the animation of the intervening towns and villages, and the various little incidents of a journey of sixty miles, to restore the tranquillity of mind which this incident had interrupted.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE MINISTER.

ON the third day after my journey had commenced, I arrived at the village of Dalgarnoch, and immediately directed my course to the Manse, which stood in a retired spot, at a sort of aristocratic distance from the other houses, its white-washed walls peering through the openings of the surrounding trees. As I approached the abode of silence and meditation, the old house-dog, roused from his lair, came forward, baying most formidably ; but changed his threatening note into one of welcome, when he came up and recognized me. Poor old Oscar had been fed and patted by my hand, a twelve-month ago, and had not forgot our former acquaintanceship. In a short time, under his escort, and that of the aged house-keeper, I was ushered into the study—that apartment, which the experience of my early years had taught me to look upon as holy

ground ; and sweet and refreshing, after the toils of the journey, was the music of welcome, which was uttered by that saintly voice, whose accents have long since been a stranger to my ear.

Even at this distance of time, I have the striking presence of the Reverend Apostle before my eye. The tall form, slightly bent by advancing years ; the long white silken locks, which fell in rich profusion behind the high bared forehead, marked with wrinkles, some of them too sadly expressive, to be those of age alone ; and the mild clear blue eye, whose lustre and benignity the patriarch's full measure of " threescore years and ten," had not been able to quench—these are now as vividly before me, as if I beheld them faithfully pictured upon the canvass. But I cannot thus picture the intellect which animated the commanding expanse of that forehead ; the warm effusions of benevolent feeling, or the elevating glow of devotion, which kindled into youthful lustre that aged, yet expressive eye ; the heart and soul that spoke in all the lineaments of the countenance, and all the movements of the form. .

But there was one expression, which predominated in that countenance, upon whose recollections I often pause, and look with filial enthusiasm. It was a fixed, but tranquil melancholy, which gave it a charm, I could not tell how, or why, that would rivet my looks upon it, with a sort of mysterious power. I grew sadder, as I looked; and yet I did not wish to turn my eyes away, or endeavour to seek some gayer object of contemplation. When my heart was too light with youthful volatility, that countenance, so calm, so fixed, so employed in communion with a long retrospect of sad remembrances—or even the recollections of that countenance, if it was no longer near—could soften down the feeling of idle folly into something of its own impressive sadness. Its silent eloquence was like the cunning of David's lyre, before which, the troubled bosom became calm, and the evil influence departed.

It was no vain imaginary idea which traced out the indications of such a feeling as the ruling expression of his features; nor was it the result of accident or age, which gave them

this peculiar conformation. Secluded as this humble dwelling had been, from the cares and vanities of a distant world, and surrounded though it had been with all that could minister delight to a heart alive to the charms of nature and retirement, yet often and deeply it had been the dwelling of woe. There was scarcely a tree in the garden, a sunny knoll on the green before the door, or a recess on the banks of the romantic rivulet, which flowed behind the house, but was possessed of a token, and a remembrancer of sorrow. In those secluded scenes, where a mind at ease could have seen nothing but a profusion of rural beauty and gladness, there were sounds of sadness, and forms of sadness, with which no stranger could commune or intermeddle—phantoms of former afflictions which addressed themselves to no eye and no ear but his own.

I have often accompanied his walks among these beautiful recesses, and while he has spoken of the past, my heart has melted at his words. The vision of former days would return, while he kindled over the narration, and spoke of those who had once animated



these walks, now so solitary and so soundless. The partner of his heart seemed to return—his departed children returned—he saw their smiling faces, and up-turning eyes of fond affection, while they gazed upon him in silence, or hailed him with the endearing name of “father.” He heard their voices full of mirthful music, as they laughed at the passing frolic, or called each other from their hiding-places. And immediately the dream was gone. He awoke in a moment to reality, and found that he was alone. And then, while the tear glistened in his eyes, the spectacle was most sublime and elevating, which he exhibited, as he raised those eyes to heaven, pressed his hands upon his bosom, and uttered in a gentle whisper, “Thou hast given, and thou hast taken away; blessed be thy name!”

But were I to detail a history of the sorrows of my venerable friend, Mr. Richardson, the sentimentalist, who can only sympathize with *prodigious* afflictions, would be disappointed. He would only find what he would account a fire-side common-place history; for Mr. Richardson had never been a hero.

His afflictions, though deep, had been only the natural afflictions of humanity; and his consolations, though effectual, were drawn from a source which they too seldom can appreciate. Tastes such as theirs cannot, therefore, expect to be dieted on a narrative, where nothing is tragic or uncommon. To their own beloved fairy-land we therefore willingly consign them, while we address ourselves to those whom plain nature yet can charm.

Having devoted the early part of his life to that long, laborious, and self-denying study which the sacred office of the ministry in our country requires, he had, after the usual period, been found qualified for license, and accordingly was ordained by the presbytery, to commence his ministrations as a public teacher. He laboured diligently for two or three years as a Probationer of the church, and at last was nominated to the vacant charge of Dalgarnoch.

Here he sat down at last, rejoicing that now the momentous crisis of his life was accomplished. He sat down for life, happy in the midst of a people by whom he was admired and beloved, and whom he was deter-

mined never to forsake. One other source was yet wanting to fill up the measure of his earthly happiness, and that was soon obtained. About a year after he had been settled, a simple jubilee throughout his parish congratulated him on his union with an amiable woman, whom he had chosen as the partner of his home and affections.

But what!—no tale of love to intervene? no pleasing conflict of hopes and fears, of little jealousies and reconciliations, before the event is thus unceremoniously intimated? Alas! as we have said before, Mr. Richardson was no hero. So far as I knew him, he was not, and never could be, one of those ingenious self-torturers, who, in order to love in earnest, must make themselves supremely wretched. But yet, if ever man fondly loved, he loved. His affection was nothing of that romantic vision, too often the offspring of mental sleep and delusion. But it was the affection which neither time could impair, nor even death eradicate. He selected the woman by whose wisdom he could be instructed, and by whose virtues he could be improved. He was an immortal spirit, seek-

ing that kindred spirit with whom he could kneel at the same altar, glow with love to the same God, and rejoice in the hope of the same glorious immortality. This was love indeed; and thus it was that he loved. And when she departed, a widowed heart was left behind, which no other affection could fill up, and which desired no other to fill it. Still—still they were wedded in soul, and a few years more would hail their happy re-union.

Years passed over their heads in tranquil succession, surrounded in public by the love and gratitude of their people; and at home, by the docility and amiableness of their children. Three young daughters were there, whose strengthening understandings, and unfolding beauties, were contemplated with those fond feelings which parents only can know. It was a home of love, and joy, and peace, and piety. The old men of the parish could remember, and they remembered with tears, that period when the Manse was not so desolate as now—and when the happy father, surrounded by the entwining arms of his children, would merge, for the while, the calm dignity of the minister, in the partici-

pator of their childish tasks and frolics—and when, instead of being thereby degraded in the eyes of the visitor by whom he was thus surprised, it invested his character with a nobler and more endearing charm. O! why should a day so beautiful, set so quickly and so darkly? But it must be so. It was not for this world that we were created, however pure its affections, or however delicious its enjoyments. And thus when we build our heaven beneath the skies, and found the mansion of our hopes, as if it were to be eternal, then the storm is let loose from heaven; the rains descend, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, and it falleth. And only then it is, that the weeping possessor, standing in the midst of his desolation, confesses the worthlessness of his hopes, and flies to that rock of strength which is alone secure for eternity.

It was thus with the hitherto happy Mr. Richardson. Till now, the eye which contemplated his conduct was kindled into enthusiasm at the sight of such parental devotedness—but God beheld it otherwise. His children had continued from year to year

to repay his care with a richer and more attractive maturity; but the good man knew not that his heart was become a secret chamber of idolatry, and that these were the idols of his too fond worship. But now, that hour of terror darkened over his abode, which carried the stern yet merciful interposition of heaven; and death, the messenger of God, approached with slow and warning footsteps to the home of too much happiness.

The eldest of his daughters, the delight and pride of the country, now blooming into early womanhood, began to give indications of a consumptive malady. The pensive yet brilliant eye, the eloquent and varying colour upon the cheek, the look which at times was bright with more than mortal beauty, gave indications of that disease which crowns its victims with garlands before it strikes the mortal blow. The affrighted parents availed themselves of every medical remedy; but they encountered a disease which laughs to scorn the power of remedies. The canker-worm lay concealed within that beautiful rose, and rioted unscared upon the very stem of life. She sunk at last beneath it, and the

household, with one accord, for the first time, sat down to weep. But scarcely were the tears of lamentation dried, when again the spoiler approached—another victim was selected, and, in a few months more, the house was again shrouded in sackcloth, and another pining sufferer was borne forth to the dark dwelling of silence, and laid by her sister's side.

Only one remained—one weeping, solitary trembler!—but how the father hung, in agony, over the interesting survivor, sheltering it, as if he would have received, in his own bosom, the arrow, which he feared was yet to be aimed at his darling. How earnestly he pled with God, that he would now hold his hand, and spare him this little one. But, with prayers alone, he was not contented. He guarded her steps, and cherished her with a fondness and jealousy now the more intense, as she was his only remaining hope; and sometimes he felt a rebellious murmuring at the severity, which had so lately, and so deeply bereaved him. But even this, the last stay to which he clung, was to be rent away. That gracious Being, who was ordering all

for his happiness, though by a way in which his rebellious feelings could not yet acquiesce, sent once more the pale messenger, to withdraw, from his arms, the fair-haired Jemima; and, before the flowers of the second summer had bloomed over the grave of her sisters, she drooped, and sickened, and died.

The wretched father—alas! no *father* now—was so stunned with the violence of such repeated bereavements, that reason, for a time, seemed to have wholly lost its power. His affliction did not display itself, in cries, and tears, and lamentations; for these are the stormy indications of a sorrow, which a speedy exhaustion can calm, and succeeding joys eradicate. But it was with the gloom of a steadfast grief, approaching to bitterness and hatred—with the look that changed not, and the lips that spoke not—with the heart that shunned all kindly soothing intercourse, and which fled from the interruptions of friendship, to bleed in secret over what seemed an irremediable despair. Only one voice was permitted to penetrate his retirement—the fond soft voice of conjugal love and consolation. Mrs. Richardson, equally a parent,



equally bereaved, and equally susceptible with himself, was yet enabled, in this terrible season of deprivation, to exhibit that fortitude, which women often display, when manly courage is overthrown. She devoured her own sorrow in silence, and repressed her tears, that she might dry those of her husband; and often, while her heart was bursting with its hidden sorrows, she yet clothed her looks with tranquillity, and spoke the language of comfort and heavenly hope. It was then that such precepts, consecrated by such an example, asserted their divine influence. The father of his people again entered into society; while every eye welcomed his countenance, now arrayed with those looks, which betokened a heart oppressed, yet not broken: and from the pulpit, which for several weeks had been deprived of his presence, he was again enabled to lift up his voice, in the language of holy gratitude; and to acknowledge, that God is good to his people, and comforts even while he afflicts and bereaves them.

Thus days and months passed onward, in which tranquillity was returning to their bereaved affections. They were now all the

world to each other; and their chief delight was to wander among those scenes, which had not always been so soundless, and so solitary, as they were now; talking of the beloved ones, who so lately had been the living soul of this fair body of nature, and of that brighter abode, to which they had now ascended; and there, they were able to form delightful pictures of joys which yet awaited them—but not the joys which this world can bestow. They were only to be realized in that land, where the broken hearts are bound up, and tears of mortal sorrow wiped away; and parted souls reunited, never to be separated more. And while the delightful enthusiasm of such converse, maintained its ascendancy, they felt as if even now the happy spirits looked down upon them from heaven, and whispered to their hearts these delightful assurances, that they would yet meet again.

But the effects of former sorrows, were now becoming too apparent upon the health of Mrs. Richardson. She had smothered her own afflictions, while administering comfort to her husband; and these, preying in secret upon a heart of the finest susceptibility,

might descend for a while to the world  
it was only a temporary sojourner; it has  
to arise and depart to its dearer society,  
its more kindred home.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE COVENANTER'S GRAVE.

On the day after my arrival at the Manse, and while my reverend friend was employed in the preparations of the study, for the ensuing Sabbath, I prepared, under the companionship of old Oscar, the house-dog, to revisit the rural scenes, which had been the charm of my early years.

The village of Dalgarnoch, (it may not be too late now to tell my readers,) is situated on the winding and picturesque banks of the Stincher, in a hollow, between two parallel ranges of hills. These hills are chiefly parcelled out into sheep-farms of considerable extent, and their sides and summits, covered, in the autumnal months, with heath-flowers, of gay and various colours, are also diversified with long stripes of yellow grain, in those few parts which admit of its cultivation. It is in this season, that Dalgarnoch possesses attractions sufficient to charm the dullest; for

during the winter, it is a bleak and frowning spot. The eye is, at that season, encountered by a circle of several miles, where nothing but the dark ridges of mountains meet the view, swathed in mists, and drenched with almost perpetual showers. Yet, even then, it has charms for its comfortably plaided inhabitants, prepared alike for storm or sunshine, and disposed to relish the extremes of either. That charm which makes Lapland a paradise to its natives, endears Dalgarnoch, with all its sternness of winter, to the simple peasantry. It is their home. It is the place in which they were born; whose land-marks are become, as it were, a part of their own identity; in which they purpose to live; and in whose peaceful bosom they finally hope to die, and be laid with the generations of their departed fathers. Secluded, at that time, from the rest of the world, they gather together in a closer and more affectionate circle; and, while the storm is howling without, it only seems to make their fireside sports the more animated, and their repose the more tranquil.

And then, when the winter is ended, and

the summer months have warmed the cold face of nature into a smile of gladness, how beautiful is the change. The land of the mountain and the flood, seems to have undergone a transformation as wonderful as that which we read of in romantic tales, where a barren heath is clothed with the verdure of Eden. The bleak surface is carpeted with a thousand varied flowers, and the breeze impregnated with a thousand odours. The trees and stunted shrubs, that lately hung their leafless heads in the blast, now appear, to the eye, arrayed in foliage, of a rich green or brown hue, and mellowed into the softness of velvet; and for the angry voice of nature, nothing is heard but the loud singing of the bird, mingled with the heart-stirring sounds of joyful rustic industry. Then it is, that the glad heart expands itself in the surrounding beauty and sunshine; and the dreary horrors of the winter are no longer remembered.

I ascended the range of hills, at the back of the village, which interposes between Dalarnoch and the sea, and whose sides are so precipitous, that the attempt seemed an actual escalade; and having gained a command-

ing summit, I turned to look at the village and its surrounding scenery. Two long irregular lines of cottages, which formed the whole village, reposed in the tranquillity of a summer day, their pyramids of smoke ascending in uninterrupted wreaths through the clear still atmosphere : and beyond it, the beautiful Stincher, glancing to the sun, as it wound through the scenery, appeared like a stream of quivering light. My eye travelled beyond it, for a moment, in its course ; and then it was met by the opposing hills, whose parti-coloured sides were whitened with large flocks of sheep, which, by moving to and fro, seemed to invest even the inanimate earth itself, with the joyful stirring of life, as well as the look of joy.

But there was one part of the scene to which my eye reverted, and on which it loved to rest, that consecrated this prospect with something of a more heavenly attraction. From the centre of a small piece of ground, sacred to silence and death, appeared the village church, scarcely overtopping the neighbouring houses, with its modest roof. This was a connecting link between earth and

heaven, and between the inhabitants of the humble spot, and those of a brighter and holier residence. How mysterious was that sympathy, with which the spirit, yet confined to earth, could here hold a viewless intercourse with those who were exalted above sin and humanity—and how aggrandizing a glory to all surrounding nature, was the circumstance, that here, in its centre, stood the house of God—the place which he had promised to dwell in. Without this, what is nature but a lifeless corpse? Lovely, indeed, it may be; but it is only the loveliness which mocks while it adorns the cold and unchanging cheek of death. It is a token such as this, which breathes into the prospect the breath of life, and makes the dull clay of nature to start up into a living soul.

Having rested myself, for some time, after I had gained the top of this high rampart—an exploit, which, though nothing to a hardy mountaineer, was yet a serious affair to a city youth like myself, accustomed to the smooth level surface of a pavement.—I then prosecuted my route, leaving behind me the attractive scenery of Dalgarnoch, and



entering into a country waste and houseless, laid out here and there with a few ill-constructed dykes, which served as enclosures for the cattle, or marches to distinguish the different sheep-farms. In such a place as this, no living thing might be seen from morning till night, except, perhaps, a few cattle; or, more rarely still, a traveller; or a cattle-farmer, mounted upon his shelty, that scarcely raised his feet from the ground; but which could climb the hills, and thread the swamps, with the quick and sure footing of a mountain-goat, as it carried him on his usual rounds through the various departments of his scattered farm.

At length I observed a little circular building, which I had never seen before, and whose uses I was at a loss to discover. It might have been mistaken for a Pound for stray cattle; but then it was not only too low for the purpose, but such a thing was a refinement unknown, even by name, to the inhabitants of this patriarchal country. Any thing, in so dreary a spot as this, was interesting; and therefore I moved forward to examine it, though this was no safe experiment for any

one but a native. The intervening ground was so marshy, and honey-combed into what are called "well-ees," that a person was obliged to leap from one narrow trembling isthmus to another; while a false step would have precipitated the luckless traveller into one of these miry holes, in which he would have been totally swallowed up, or at least most disagreeably entangled.

I got, at last, by dint of careful pilotage and exertion, to the equivocal building, which, after all, was merely a simple enclosure of stones, huddled loosely together, so as to form a circular breast-work, about three or four feet high. But a large square stone, lying on the green turf, in the centre, soon formed the sole attraction of the spot. It was covered with characters, cut in the old style and orthography; but all had been as religiously cleared and renewed, as if the renovating chissel of "Old Mortality" himself had repaired it. I was therefore enabled to decipher, with the utmost ease, the following simple lines:—

" 'Gainst Popery and Prelacy,  
I liv'd and wrought to testify;

And here, at last, my life laid down,  
 And gain'd a Martyr's honour'd crown.  
 Reader, make not a moan for me,  
 But weep for thyself, and thy countrie;  
 And pray that bloody hands may cease,  
 And God bring back our days of peace."

Immediately after this homely doggerel, followed the intimation in prose—" Here lies interred, the body of John Simpson, who died for the covenanted truth of Scotland, being shot in this place in the year 1680. On the top of the stone was a rude attempt in sculpture, to represent an open Bible, on which was engraven the appropriate passage, " He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

There was something in this simple epitaph, rude though it was, which spoke more forcibly to the heart, than the most laboured and elegant effusions, upon the most splendid mausoleums. Amidst that wild mountain scenery, in which he had been taught to worship the God of his fathers, the unbending Covenanter had been content to lay down his life, and seal his testimony with his blood. And,

perhaps, the kind friend, whose hand had traced in secrecy, and in sorrow, the artless tale of his devotedness and death, was hastening to undergo the same honourable destiny, and needing from another the same kind commemoration.

The vision of the days of other years came back and stood before my eyes, as I looked round upon the landscape; and the sterile scene assumed a spiritual sublimity and beauty, from the recollections with which this incident was pregnant. These mountains, bleak as they appeared, were yet the hallowed altars of our country, and often had been red with the blood of sacrifice. Those heaths had been animated with the glow, and lighted up with the lustre of spiritual heroism, when they witnessed the extremes of misery which had been endured by those who choose to obey God rather than man. It was true, that a lighter day had ridiculed the sacrifice, and branded them as hypocrites, or fantastic visionaries; and the silken sons and daughters of ease, who would shudder at the slightest breath of persecution, had been taught, by ill-advised wit, to laugh at their devotedness.

But it was not wonderful that the same servile adulation, which could exalt hireling gladiators, and titled executioners, into patriots and heroes, would sink a whole host of martyrs into a troop of rebels and fanatics. But time, or rather the awful ending of time, when every deed is to be fairly estimated, will tell who were the real fanatics, and who acted well and wisely.

While thus employed in musing over the history of the past, I recollected that this particular part of the country had been a scene of especial suffering, during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, when Prelacy, or rather Popery disguised under the name, had been attempted to be forced upon the nation at large. It was then that a country, which would not suffer even her civil liberty to be insulted, though heroes were the aggressors, had risen up, and resisted to the death the attempts of a profligate court, and a hireling priesthood, backed by an obsequious and overwhelming soldiery. It was then that this particular part of the western country had been visited by those helmed and booted apostles, under whose ministry the conversion

of the land was to be accomplished. And while the cottage firesides, during the long winter evenings, had often thrilled with one electric shudder at the monstrous atrocities of a Claverhouse, a Dalziel, or a Kennedy, they were also animated by the valour of a Hackston, or a Paton, and tranquillized with the piety of a Peden, or a Guthrie. And from the influence of these tales, another and another generation had been successively raised up, whose bosoms were the ramparts of civil and religious liberty.

While my thoughts thus wandered away, as I leaned against the simple tumulus, I raised my eyes, and saw that I was not now alone. A shepherd, muffled up in a grey plaid, had silently approached the spot during my reverie, and was leaning against the opposite side; seeming to wait for an opportunity to address me, yet unwilling to interrupt me. As soon as he saw that he had caught my eye, he courteously put his hand to his overshadowing blue bonnet. At that instant, Oscar, who had been chasing some hare, suddenly appeared by my side, at the sight of whom the shepherd gave me another

how, but kinder and more respectful than the former one. The first was meant for the stranger whom he did not know—the second, for one whom he now discovered to be the friend and inmate of his respected minister.

In this pastoral land there is little employment of cold and formal ceremony. Every stranger is a friend, and is addressed and interrogated with all the plain and honest warmth of a ten years' acquaintanceship. . . In

a few minutes, therefore, we could address each other by name, and meet upon each other's occupations, as upon a common ground. Being both in a fit mood for friendly intercourse, we sat down upon the soft heather, which he covered with his ample garment; and while the stone wall served as the back of our common couch, I immediately stated the subject of my anxiety.

My friend, however, had

been ill

ble farm, which has  
once been a place  
caused the land to  
to be cleared and  
present state of  
raised the soil.

I could not but  
honest commendation  
related the story of  
good old days, and  
versation that was  
with covenant to  
the history of the  
tion commemorated  
acquainted, and saw



But as his own home, and  
episodes and transitions  
accessible to the under-  
to the tastes of all  
and the

d  
he  
is  
ry's  
shed  
those

tors.

maketh a  
stimony of  
nature better  
are occasionally  
of their victims,  
an oppression that ex-  
of human nature, would  
upon their persecutors;  
the instinctive principle of



nanters, that it obtained the technical appellation of "killing time," among the inhabitants of the west of Scotland. At this period, a detachment of Turner's troops from Ayr, assisted by a party of Claverhouse's dragoons, were quartered at Dalgarnoch, and the neighbouring villages; from whence, they made their inquisitorial excursions into every part of the surrounding country.

Terrible was the havoc, and relentless the severity with which every such military investigation was accompanied. Soldiers, armed and flushed with momentary power, and restrained by no principle of religion or humanity, were scattered over the country to plunder, torture, or destroy the recusants at pleasure; and to adopt every method to bend or break the spirit of a people, strong in native heroism, and further animated by religious zeal. Havoc and desolation, therefore, attended their progress wherever they came. Industry was at a stand; and the peasants were obliged to leave their homes and fly to the mountains, and among the caves for a shelter, that they might be able to snatch one peaceful moment to worship the God of their fa-

thers, in the manner which their consciences required. Perhaps, while thus employed, they could see in the distance, through the solitude of midnight, the fires of their own burning cottages ; or hear the plaintive wailing of their wives and children, wandering upon the heath, mingled with the shouts and footsteps of the advancing soldiery, searching for the secluded conventicle. And even this was not the worst. Horrors still more atrocious and revolting were often perpetrated upon those whom nature had formed the most harmless and defenceless. Bloody is the leaf upon which this part of our country's history is written ; and soon was it washed with the bitter but unavailing tears of those who were the children of her persecutors.

“Oppression,” says the precept, “maketh a wise man mad.” This is the testimony of him who understood human nature better than any man. It therefore occasionally happened that the spirits of their victims, roused to frenzy, by an oppression that exceeded the endurance of human nature, would turn for a moment upon their persecutors ; and either from the instinctive principle of

self-defence, or the less justifiable desire of vengeance, they endeavoured to render back some part of the measure which their enemies meted out to them. And then these solitary instances were magnified into monstrous acts of rebellion, which served as the pretexts for still heavier visitations. And as if they had not been punished enough, even then, for these disastrous uprisings, the clamour has been taken up through every succeeding generation, by which, their memory has been branded with abhorrence and contempt. But let such men show how the case could possibly have been otherwise. Or let them point to the history of any period, or race of men, when a nation thus insulted, thus persecuted, thus crushed to the earth by the most contemptible of oppressors, yet acted throughout with so much moderation, and endured the worst with such Christian meekness and magnanimity.

Among those who were expatriated for a time from their native hearth, and obliged to take refuge among the mountains, was John Simpson, the subject of the epitaph. He had long been obnoxious to Dr. Dotterel, the

curate of the village, on account of his devotedness to the covenanted cause, and therefore, at this period the soldiers were frequently employed in searching for him in the muirlands, which made his house an insecure residence; and for some time past, his chief abode had been a hiding-place called the Tod-hole, so denominated on account of its secrecy. It was a narrow aperture in the side of a hill, covered over with fern and brushwood, which gave admittance to a damp cave, large enough for a man to lie in, or stand upright. Here he had resided in solitude and darkness, occasionally venturing at midnight to his house, when the enemy was supposed to be at a distance. His miserable mountain residence, only tolerable as a momentary lurking-hole for refuge, was injuring his health, independently of its other inconveniences; while one word of compliance might have restored him again to the bosom of his family, and the comforts of his cheerful home. But that one word he would not utter, because his heart told him it would be a foul apostacy in the sight of God. He therefore preferred hunger, and thirst, and watching, the pangs of

disease, and even death itself, rather than violate the sanctions of his conscience, and betray what he believed to be the cause of heaven.

One night, as he lay meditating in his lonely cave, he heard the preludes of a coming storm, and rejoiced in the hope of the opportunity which it offered of visiting his wife and children. It came on with all the rapidity of a mountain convulsion; the wind rushed over the hills, with a sound like that of thunder, while the heavy tumbling flood soon swelled the rills into mountain-torrents, and the little pools into large sheets of water. Never were the sounds of music sweeter to his ear. He emerged from his cave into the war of the rushing and struggling elements; and, in the midst of total darkness, prepared with a delighted heart to venture to his habitation. He felt secure that no messenger of cruelty would be prowling on a night such as this, and in a country dangerous to those who were not acquainted with all its perilous passages. He therefore pushed on through the tempest rejoicing; at one time scaling the hills, and at another, threading the swamps,

and directing his sure-footed course through every intricacy, in all the confidence of security.

At last he saw at a distance, and hailed the beacon-light, whose twinkling was dearer to his heart than the firmament would have been, lighted up with all its glorious stars—it was the light of his cottage window, glimmering in its loneliness, and whose little taper he knew had been placed there as a signal to direct his course. He bounded forward, and approached the window with a beating joyful heart.—How delightful the prospect within to such a husband as John Simpson!—His little children were upon their knees, and his wife was praying in the midst of them. He could hear distinctly, though her voice paused and trembled with emotion, the prayer which she put up for his safety, as she implored his deliverance from danger, and return to a dwelling of peace. A few moments only intervened, when all were fondly clasped to his bosom—when all were again kneeling at the evening offering; while his priestly voice, heard there once more, committed them all to the keeping of God. Even that mo-

ment would have been enough to overpay all he had suffered.

That moment was but too, too delightful; for minutes and hours had passed away, like one little instant; and before he was aware, the storm was hushed into silence, the wind slumbered upon the hill, and the gray morning in the east began to contend with the darkness of midnight, and looked through the broken clouds. The members of the family opened the cottage door, and looked with a sorrowful eye at the dimly composed aspect of nature, and the signs of the approach of morning. He must then begone. His foot was upon the threshold, and his face turned toward the distant mountain of refuge; but he lingered, and still fondly lingered, as he once and again clasped his wife and children, in silence, to his bosom, and often repeated the fond look, which said, "Farewell!" But hark!—there is the distant baying of their faithful watch-dog—there are advancing figures, moving on the heath, and their arms are faintly discovered, as they glance at every turning. To fly now, is only to rush upon certain death. It

was the blood-hounds of Claverse and Turner, advancing with rapid steps; and in a few moments, they would be at the door. They hastily hurried in.—“Oh fly and save yourself!” was the smothered exclamation of every tongue. Escape, by the front of the house, was impossible; but while they secured the door, and prepared to hold the soldiers in parley, he mounted to one of the smoky kebabs; tore a hole in the feeblest part of the thatch, by which egress would be obtained, undiscovered, through the back part of the house; and in a moment disappeared. The family endeavoured to compose their looks, into the appearance of tranquillity and unconcern, to meet the coming inquest; but their troubled respiration, and beating hearts, belied the assumed expression.

In a few moments more, the treading of hasty feet was heard without; which was immediately followed by a rude knocking at the door. “The canting crop-ear is traced to his den at last, I think,” cried a hoarse voice: “Tracey and Markham,—round by the window, lest he find it more convenient



bow, but kinder and more respectful than the former one. The first was meant for the stranger whom he did not know—the second, for one whom he now discovered to be the friend and inmate of his respected minister.

In this pastoral land there is little employment of cold and formal ceremony. Every stranger is a friend, and is addressed and interrogated with all the plain and honest warmth of a ten years' acquaintanceship. In a few minutes, therefore, we could address each other by name, and meet upon each other's occupations, as upon a common ground. Being both in a fit mood for friendly intercourse, we sat down upon the soft heather, which he covered with his ample garment; and while the stone wall served as the back of our simple couch, I immediately started the subject of its history.

I found, that the ancient relic within, had been buried beneath the moss, where it had lain unsuspected for several generations. At last it was accidentally discovered, a few months ago; and the honoured individual for whom this discovery was reserved was—himself. Exulting in the thought that his hum-

ble farm was enriched with a spot which had once been a scene of martyrdom, he had caused the valuable Palladium of his demesnes to be cleared, repaired, and placed in its present situation; while his own hands had raised the enclosure to guard it.

I could not help admiring the joyful yet honest complacency of the peasant, while he related this proof of his attachment to "the good old cause;" and as I saw from his conversation that his mind was richly fraught with covenanting lore, I wished to ascertain the history of him whose death the inscription commemorated. With this he was well acquainted, and soon gratified my wishes. But as his own homely style, with his various episodes and transitions, would scarcely be accessible to the understanding, or gratifying to the tastes of all my readers, I will endeavour to present them with a more modernized and condensed account of the sufferings and death of the Covenanter.

It was about the summer of the year 1680, immediately subsequent to the death of Archbishop Sharpe—a period in which the persecutions raged so violently against the cove-

them to return to the village ; when, on casting up his eyes, as he turned round to depart, he saw, for the first time, the aperture which had been made in the thatch, and through which the Covenanter had made his exit.

Here was a new argument for their rage—he had escaped by the back of the cottage, while they were advancing in front. A universal roar from the troop, immediately followed the discovery. “Woman!” cried the serjeant, his eyes sparkling with fury, while he seized her by the shoulders, and shook her with great violence ; “it is of no use to deny it ; your husband has been here ; and therefore I insist upon your telling me where the scoundrel has hid himself.—What ! are you still silent ? Speak ; or—” He swore an oath, and muttered a threat, both of them too terrible to be repeated.

And where was the fond devoted husband, in a moment like this ?—At first, he fled along the heath, and through the swamps, and up the steep side of the mountain, with a light and well-tryed step, and by ways with which he was intimately acquainted, until

he had left the prospect of immediate danger behind him. It was then, that other thoughts returned; the danger to which those who were dearer than his own life, might now be exposed. And this was no vain apprehension; for many fearful recollections recurred to his mind, of what had been endured by the helpless families of his brethren. He paused at the thought—he turned his face once more in the direction where the danger lay—and he saw, through the faint gray morning, the dim and far-distant light of his cottage, which could scarcely have been visible to any eye but his own. The sight decided him in a moment. He returned, with steps almost as rapid as those with which he fled; and, on coming nigher, he observed the sentries at the door, which obliged him to make a cautious circuit. On his hands and knees he crept along, concealing himself among reeds and fern, till he arrived at the back of the cottage; and then he silently rose to the window, and, in breathless eagerness, darted through it one hurried look.—What a sight struck at once like a mortal blow upon his heart!

His poor Marion, her temples bleeding profusely, her face pale as death, and her eyes closed, as if her spirit had indeed departed, was about to be treated with still greater cruelty by the soldiers; while the children were clinging to their knees, with unavailing shrieks and prayers. John Simpson did not pause a moment, at a spectacle so distracting. He rushed through the entrance, overturning one of the sentinels in his haste; and in a moment was in the midst of them. "Cruel men!" he exclaimed, in a voice that seemed to shake the roof, "there is a God above you, who sees you now, and will call you to a fearful account for this night's work!"

They started, and recoiled at the sudden appearance, and thundering intimation, as if he had been a supernatural messenger, sent down with the threatening of heaven. But he had no time to notice, or avail himself of the sudden panic of the astounded soldiery. He pressed the bleeding and insensible countenance to his bosom—"Marion! Marion!" he exclaimed, in a tone of anguish, mingled with fond endearment—but Marion was now

insensible to that voice, whose call had ever been a sound of joy to her heart. The emotions of the night, and the cruelty of the minions of oppression, acting upon a frame enfeebled by a long course of privation, and conjugal anxiety, had been too much for her endurance; and great mercy it was, that she was now lulled into a state of stupor, unconscious of the horrors around her, or of those which were still to be perpetrated.

“Soldiers!” cried the husband, in a voice whose calmness was terrible—“if you have not wholly lost the feelings of men—aye, if you do not even wish that the God whom you insult, should rise, and crush you in a moment, and hurl you to your fearful place, before your day is come—then have mercy upon this poor woman, and these helpless children. I ask no favour for myself. My hour is come; and I am wearying to be gone. It is no longer for me to preserve a useless life, at the expense of those who are dearest to me. Then take me where you will, and do what you will; for I am ready

for your worst. But remember, this is not the last time we meet. At the long day, we shall be again brought side by side, and shall look one another in the face. To God, and to your consciences, and to that last fearful account, I leave you to answer for the work of a night like this !”

The look of the rustic, at the moment, assumed the sublimity of a prophet ; while, under the influence of overpowering emotions, he aroused their consciences, as from a trance, and appealed to God, and the day of doom. They gathered around him, to prevent his escape ; but not a man had courage to lay hands on him : they rather gazed at each other, in uncertainty, waiting for some one to give the example. He cut short the suspense at once, by presenting his hands to be secured.

Their original purpose had been, to put him to death, as soon as they could lay hold of him ; but now they resolved to march him to Ayr, and deliver him up to the Justiciary Court ; foolishly supposing, that by this method, they would escape the guilt of his

blood. But this new purpose was soon defeated, by the arrival of a superior officer, at the head of a fresh party, who had been scouring the muirs, and breaking up a conventicle. As soon as he was informed of the circumstances of his apprehension, he ordered his eyes to be bandaged, and three soldiers to be drawn out with loaded carbines, on the green before the door. John Simpson asked for a few moments to pray; and the permission was granted, with a sneer of contempt and derision. He had only time to plead with God, for his widowed Marion; and his orphan children—for poor Scotland; afflicted and desolate—and for himself, that he might be received into glory, through Him who had died for him, when the signal was given by the officer; the carbines flashed with unerring aim; and, in a moment, the persecuted Martyr entered into his eternal rest.

That terrible death-knell, which rung the bloody departure of her husband, awoke poor Marion in a moment from her insensibility; but she only awoke to a sight of ago-



ny, too thrilling to bear. With a shriek, that made the hills ring, she threw herself upon his mangled remains, and relapsed into her trance, while the murderers departed, without one sentiment of compassion. How she had passed the intervening hours, she wist not; but about mid-day, she was found in that desolate region, sitting upon the green, with the disfigured head of her husband in her lap, while her children were weeping around her. For many days after, she walked in the house of her widowhood, in a sort of stupor, as if she walked in sleep; but the kind intervention of friends, and the wants of her youthful household, aroused her, at last, to life and its exertions. For several years after, she continued; but it was rather the ghost of her former self, than she who, in happier days, had been called, the "flower of Dalgarnoch." A settled sorrow was stamped upon her pale countenance, and an indelible recollection upon her heart. And at last, when the welcome hour arrived, to release her from a world, which she could no longer enjoy, it found her full of hea-

venly faith, and full of joy; exulting in the thought, that she was now summoned to be gone, and that to all which she had lost on earth, she would again be re-united.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SABBATH.

THAT morning dawned upon the dewy mountains, whose coming hushed into silence the hallowed landscape of our country. The feet which trode the slopes of the hills, were gone; and the sounds of rustic labour, which, but a few hours ago, had made them vocal with the notes of joy and music, were now reduced to the calm impressive silence of death. The soul of nature was hushed, and prostrated before its great Creator. The eye that wandered from glen to glen, and from summit to summit, beheld no longer the scene like a garden, animated with the notes of pleasure. It was now, rather a temple, where all was reduced to silence, that therein the worship of God might be solemnized. And while the heart contemplated, and felt the inspiration of that impressive interval, the exclamation was that of the Patriarch, when he felt the scene animated with the inhabitants and

the visions of heaven: "How awful is this place!—surely God is here."

The hand of God seemed to have arrayed, in more than wonted beauty, that day which he had consecrated for his own especial service. The rivulets flowed with a softer murmur; and the breezes that rose and subsided by fits, stirred the leaves with a gentler whisper; while these sounds all mingled together, like a prelude to the hymn of nature. But a more delightful melody soon began to animate the scenery. The harp of David was also here; and the songs of the sweet singer of Israel, to consecrate the landscape. From the little cottages, which were sprinkled over the wide surface of the country, and from the more neighbouring village, there was heard the sound of psalms. The voices of the young and the old; the anthems heard from the distance, or at hand; all, though various, melting into one rich and fervent hymn, ascended through the still clear air to heaven, swelling and falling alternately, like the tones of that lyre, whose melody is awakened by the passing breeze. Such were the sounds that went from earth

to heaven, while the Sabbath-morn, like an angel from God, descended upon the eastern summits, and came marching gloriously onward, with the smile, and the salutation of peace.

Another sound now went forth, to animate once more the prospect—the sound of “the church-going bell,” which sent its glad summons over mountain and glen, calling their inhabitants to the house of prayer. In an instant, the whole country teemed with life. The houses sent forth their inmates; and groupes in every direction, like little mountain-streams, came pouring in toward the centre of the village, as to one great reservoir. The green surface was adorned with the variegated dresses of Highland or Lowland costume, from the gaudy tartan, to the home-spun blue, or hoddie-gray. Every diversity of age was here; from the old man, whose locks were bleached with the storms of eighty winters, to the great-grandchild, who tottered by his side, with unequal steps, and endeavoured to prop him up with a childish arm. Here was the young herd-lassie, whose first “hard-won penny fee,”

had purchased the gilt Bible, which she now carried between the folds of a snow-white handkerchief; the grandame, blind with age, who halted upon a crutch; and the child, half-led, half-carried along, surveying the grandeur of the assembly, with a face of innocent astonishment. Here, too, were all the modifications of rustic rank, from the "laird," who inhabited a slated two-storey house, and rode to church upon a poney, adorned with double bridle and martingale, down to the barefooted bonneted herd-boy, who walked by his side. And here, above all, was the silence, the order, and the solemnity, which threw over so varied an assembly, one harmonious uniformity, as they crossed the church-yard, entered their respective parts of the church, and sat down together, like the members of one great family, prepared to seek and worship their common Parent.

I will not quarrel with the religious national associations, or national worship of a people who hold the same faith, depend on the same redemption, and worship the same God with ourselves, though they may have

chosen another way in which they are pleased to address him. Yet still, I must confess, that even "the lofty ritual of our sister land," could never speak to my heart so powerfully, or move me so much, as the simple devotions of a Scottish village church. In the former, the music of the cathedral, and the chaunting of the quire, with the accompaniments of stately pillars, a lofty roof, and the softened light, streaming dimly through the painted windows, have perhaps, for a time, solemnized and delighted me. But the attempt spoke too immediately to the mere impressions of the senses; and therefore the feeling was evanescent. The heart and the soul were too much overlooked, and began to long for something more kindred to their nature; something more spiritual, more substantial, and endearing. But in the latter, this counteraction is not found. That pure, intellectual, and spiritual worship, so independent of mere bodily exercise, and so kindred to the soul of man, approaching in its nakedness and helplessness, the Being who looks upon the heart alone, and desires to be worshipped in spirit, and in truth—

this has always impressed me with a deeper reverence, held me with a stronger ascendancy, and inspired me with a fuller confidence of its efficacy, than all the splendour and imposing ceremony, with which men have endeavoured to solemnize the heart to devotion, through the medium of external observances.

And on this day, at least, the theory was illustrated, and the feeling realized, in the parish church of Dalgarnoch. I can yet remember, and remember with sensations of no common interest, the simple, yet electrifying strains, in which God was glorified, and his favour implored—the fixed and deep devotion, which tranquillized their looks, while one solitary trembling voice was heard ascending in prayer—and then, the eagerness, and fervent attention, with which every eye was kindled, and every feature animated, while they drank up the words of their Pastor, as he expounded the doctrines of heaven.

But upon these recollections, delightful though they be, I may not at present linger. I must hasten to the account of a spectacle



on that day exhibited in the church, which was one of no common or indifferent import. Its beneficial influence will long be remembered, and long, I hope, experienced, by the primitive inhabitants of Dalgarnoch.

A gentleman, altogether unknown to the people, who appeared, by his dress and manner, to be of a much superior rank to the worshippers around, had glided in, no one had observed how, with the rest of the congregation. There was something, at first, in his dark swarthy countenance, which bespoke a mind ill at ease, and that had recently been conflicting with strong emotions. Perhaps a more skilful eye than mine, might have read, in the troubled lines, and frequent flush, the shades of fond remembrance, and remorse, and shame, passing like darkening clouds, in quick succession, over it. At times, as he rested his cheek upon his hand, his thoughts seemed to wander away; it might have been among past scenes, which now lived again, but not to gladden him—and then, again he turned his restless gaze to the minister, to the faces of the congregation, to the gray walls of the

church, and its homely benches; as if he found in these, the various steps of his retrospection. That look was not the look of devotion!—that countenance was not the index which proclaims a sabbath in the soul!

The notes of the psalm commenced, and pealings, loud and strong arose from every part of the assembly; but, the sound seemed to fall upon the stranger's ear, like thunder from heaven. His countenance kindled, his breath came and went in troubled heavings—his whole frame shook, and tears were seen to stream from between the fingers which he raised to cover his eyes. At prayer, he seemed to rise mechanically with the congregation, but his action was restlessness itself; while sometimes he appeared as if desirous to depart, yet still remaining, bound by a secret magic to that spot, which wounded his heart with emotions too visible to be mistaken.

Such conduct could not remain unnoticed in so small a place of meeting; and on that day the ministrations of Mr. Richardson had lost half of their efficacy. Every eye occa-

sionally stole, with demureness which feared to give offence, to the seat of the stranger; and every heart was divided with the question of "Who is this?" His gestures were carefully perused—might he not be some one who trembled and suffered under the recollections of some undivulged sin? They heedfully scanned his features—might he not be some former inhabitant of the country? But these features were not those of an atrocious criminal; and they had undergone too long the change of years, and the havoc of storms without, and anxious thoughts from within, to be longer recognizable by those who might have known him in former days. Though seemingly scarce past the prime of years, yet his tall form was assuming the stoop of declining manhood; his forehead was bared to the foretop, while the rest of his head was covered with dark grizzled hair, which was strongly mingled with grey. There was something, too, in his dress and appearance, which seemed to remove him altogether from the supposition of one who had at any time been connected with the humbler sphere of Dalgarnoch; something, which while it quick-

ened their curiosity, at the same time repelled, and kept in check its forwardness.

The stranger did not return to the church, to the service of the afternoon. When the congregation had been previously dismissed, he had been observed to loiter among the grave-stones, as if endeavouring to recognise some particular spot. But the mutations which these mouldering heaps had undergone, appeared to render his scrutiny unsuccessful. He had stood there for a few moments, buried in thought; and, at last, starting as from a dream, he hurried away with irregular steps, and disappeared in the little Inn of the village. A very handsome phaeton, belonging to him, stood at the door; but the simple rustics could not understand its armorial bearings. The landlady declared that he had come there a few minutes before church-time, and that she did not even know his name. So little was there to be had, which might satisfy the wondering and questioning peasants about the history of this mysterious visitor.


Let it not however be imagined, from this circumstance, that the people of Dalgarnoch

were distinguished, above others, for an impertinent and troublesome curiosity. Those who have studied the manners of a village so secluded, have observed, that it is a general feature of character, in such a recluse kind of life, and are able to refer it to its proper source. The arrival of strangers, to such a quarter, are like "angel visits," few and far between. The arrival is from that world, of which they form a dismembered part; and whose confused echoes only reverberate among their mountains, and serve but to excite the curiosity which they cannot gratify. The stranger comes, fraught with those tidings, which they have been on tiptoe to ascertain more perfectly; and thus every fresh visitation serves more effectually to link them to that general whole, from which they are otherwise almost entirely separated. It would have been well, however, for the people, that this visit had not been made upon the Sabbath, to interrupt its silence and devotion. I will not deny that the predominant curiosity was too highly excited—that there was too much conversation agitated upon the subject—that there was too much loitering

in the church-yard, and too many passing inquiries, whispered to mine hostess, as she stood at the door of her habitation.

At the approach of the twilight, the stranger was again seen emerging from the inn, muffled up in a cloak, and directing his pensive steps through the village, till he arrived at the gate of the glebe, which he opened and entered. A knock was heard at the door of the Manse, while Mr. Richardson and I were seated by the fireside; and a message was brought by the servant, requesting, in the name of a stranger, a private audience of an important nature, with the minister.

The request was immediately complied with. Mr. Richardson conducted the stranger up stairs to the study, and there they remained, engaged in close conversation, for at least a couple of hours. I heard him then, in the passage, taking leave of the pastor, and immediately after, saw the tall form of this mysterious personage moving through the green, in the clear moonlight, until the view was intercepted by the trees. Immediately after, Mr. Richardson returned. Instead of sitting, he walked too and fro through the



parlour, absorbed in meditation; but there was that in his look, which showed that his thoughts were not of a painful description.—This wonderful visitor seemed to possess an influence wherever he came; and still the question was, “Who is he?” I looked at the countenance of my aged and venerable friend, and saw that I should not hazard a question at present. It was now time for retiring to rest, and Mr. Richardson rang the bell, which summoned the limited and sober household to the evening worship. And I observed that, during this evening, while recapitulating in prayer the benefits which God had bestowed on us, he mentioned, with more than common emotion, the land in which we had received our being—the land of light and instruction—the country of Christian Sabbaths, and the home of Christian piety.

On the next day the stranger returned, and had an interview with Mr. Richardson, still more protracted than the former one; but instead of departing, they adjourned together to the dining-room, and dinner was immediately ordered. And now I was sitting at the same table, within a few feet of the mys-

terious being, whose appearance had been enough to turn Dalgarnoch upside down.—I could scarcely credit, at first, my own singular good fortune. I was all ear, and all eye, to listen and observe. His manners displayed the ease and elegance of one who had been accustomed to the polished circles of society; and his remarks and allusions to different scenes and events, while they exhibited a powerful mind, showed also that he had travelled much in foreign countries, and been no incurious observer. But there was a reserve over his communications, which seemed to arise from the predominance of one painful thought that had obtained the entire ascendancy. A continual sadness, chequered by fits of absence, was visible in his whole demeanour; and it was only at intervals that he could join in the conversation. It was on this evening, after he had departed, that I obtained from Mr. Richardson an outline of the history of the man, whose behaviour had tantalized my curiosity so powerfully.

Mr. Johnston, (for that was his name,) was born about forty-five years ago, in the parish of Dalgarnoch, of parents, who lived in the



very humblest walks of society. Their only child was this Norman, ushered into the world amidst such untoward circumstances. It was no wonder, therefore, that the seniors of the village had been unable to recognize, in a well-dressed Nabob, the little ragged boy, who, in former times, had run their errands, and been gladdened by their occasional bounty. His parents died when he was only seven years of age; and thus he would have been left helpless, though he had even been in a situation of still more pitiable wretchedness. But this heavy loss had been supplied (if such a loss can ever be said to be supplied,) by the tender care and kindness of his grandfather, who took the helpless weeping orphan to his own home—dried his tears—shared with him his own homely and scanty meal, and treated him, on every occasion, with all the tender affection of a father.

The grandfather was, to the full, as poor as his own parents had been, and therefore little Norman was not to be allowed to eat the bread of idleness. He was therefore sent, at these tender years, to herd the sheep which belonged to a neighbouring farmer.

This kind of life, whatever a townsman or a poet may think to the contrary, is actually no sinecure among the stormy mountains of Scotland, and so the little herd-boy very speedily experienced. While roaming from morning till evening, exposed to hunger, cold, and rain; while traversing, for hours, the soft spongy swamps; or clambering hill after hill in succession, in chase of refractory sheep, or driving them to other pasturage, the poor boy never enjoyed that luxury of idleness, which was enjoyed by the piping shepherds of Arcadia, among their perpetual flowers and sunshine. But the young northern plant continued to strengthen in his native blasts. Amidst solitudes and storms, his mind was acquiring those elements of courage to dare, and fortitude to endure, for which the sons of our native mountains have been ever so conspicuous: and by the time that he had attained his fifteenth year, he was able to endure the heaviest of toil, that he might repay the kindness of his grandfather, by securing to the good old man the ease and tranquillity of a fireside, to comfort his declining day.

I have mentioned, that the grandsire had

adopted him as his son, and had treated him with all the kindness of a father; but I should have also mentioned, that the paternal solicitude was not confined to the wants of the passing day. It was the duty of a *religious* father, which he endeavoured to discharge towards the solitary and unbefriended orphan.

The youth had no friend on earth except himself, and ere long that resource would, in all human probability, be taken away. The boy would then be left alone, in a world where he neither had guide nor protector. That he might be previously prepared for a course so perilous, the old man had continually endeavoured to point his thoughts and affections upward to Him who is the Father of the fatherless. Thus the reverend grandsire endeavoured to turn him to his Creator in the days of his youth, before the evil days should come. Mr. Richardson, on his first coming to the parish, above thirty years ago, had often been delighted with the spectacle of the venerable patriarch, bowing toward the grave, and upheld by the slender stripling; while the snowy locks of the one seemed mingled with the ruddy cheek of the other,

as he leaned upon his shoulder for support—and saw them thus moving together, with slow and solemn steps to the house of God. And often when the worthy clergyman crossed the muirs to visit his scattered flock, and halted at the door of the solitary cottage, he had been delighted to behold the youth sitting upon the settle, and reading to the old man, from the volume of heaven—and the senior listening with up-raised eyes; and elevated countenance, rejoicing in the hope that in a few short days more he would behold his God and Saviour, not through the intervention of the word or ordinances—but when he should behold face to face, and see even as he was seen.

At last the old man sunk under the weight of years, and died, rejoicing in the hopes of everlasting youth. The event was sudden, and their abode was solitary; and no ear but Norman's heard his dying words, while he closed his eyes, and wept over him. And now, at the tender age of sixteen, he was left alone, sitting by the desolate hearth, and bewailing his late bereavement. There was no longer a tie to bind him to the home of

his youth; and home was now only the abode of painful recollections. These feelings, combined with that intrepid spirit of enterprise, so familiar to our Scottish youth, soon rendered his native land an irksome residence. He therefore sold off the little which he could call his own; bid a long adieu to the peaceful shades of Dalgarnoch; and immediately hastened away to London, the "El-Dorado" of young Northern adventurers.

Arrived at the metropolis, and having found an outlet to those energies which had long been confined in their native solitude, his history was of that kind by which a young Scotchman in London is commonly distinguished. Displaying, at the age of little more than mere boyhood, the frugality of a hermit, mingled with the prudence, the courage, and the activity of matured years, he soon acquired the confidence of his employers; rose, by slow and gradual progression, from one step of promotion and emolument to another, until, in a course of years, he was enabled to embark as a trader to foreign lands on his own account; with a respectable capital, and extensive mercantile confidence, the fruits of his own honourable industry.

He had resided for many years, in this capacity, both at Constantinople and Smyrna, every year increasing his profits and respectability; until now, that the effects of climate began to admonish him with the tokens of an old age, rather prematurely advancing. The ardour of traffic and adventure had now become a thing of indifference, and the glowing landscape of the east monotonous; while the increasing symptoms of decaying strength began to admonish him, that now it was time to seek the comforts and tranquillity of advancing old age. Then it was that Scotland, not remembered till now, or remembered but faintly, began to assert its claim upon his heart, as the land of his first love. Its blue mountains, its heather glens, and rushing waterfalls, all rose successively before his mind's eye, while the "land of the sun" was unheeded; and all seemed to lift up that voice which had charmed his infant years, and wooed him to return. This feeling daily gaining strength, at last influenced him to return. His mercantile business was arranged, his ventures gathered in; and in a short time the dark shores of that country, whose soli-

tudes had nursed his infancy, and from whose maternal bosom he had departed, rose to his view, like a cloud in the distant horizon. Its aspect was like the face of some beloved friend of our youth, still dear to the heart, though the features have almost faded away from the recollection.

So far the history of Mr. Johnston had been fair, and honourable, and prosperous. But there is another history of man, the *immortal*—a history of mightier and more fearful importance, which has hitherto been omitted in the account. While the world respected him, and called him happy, and cherished his acquaintance, how was the prosperous merchant faring in that traffic where eternity is at stake? Alas! when he left the land of his fathers, the God of his fathers did not accompany his pilgrimage. When he turned his back upon his country, he seemed also to have left behind him that religion, which had been the joy and the hope of his youthful years. He plunged into the world, and soon became drunken in that mighty circumvolution, with which it bears its victims onward to the abyss; and while he was daily

increasing in wealth, in honour, and reputation, he was daily becoming more naked and poor for eternity.

Full of enterprise, and high in spirits, but lethargetic in every thing which implicated his most important interests, he had embarked for the east, and there pursued a long and successful course of mercantile speculations. Then, when the subject of religion pressed at all upon his notice, it came to a heart whose undivided energies were all for the world. Home might occasionally return—the worship of that home might return—the mental associations by which it was united with the home of the immortal spirit, the land to which his sainted relative had gone—the visionary forms of its humble churches, and the imaginary echoes of their bells and hymns of devotion. But alas! these were recollections merely—recollections which were encountered by the powerful rivalry of yesterday's success, of to-day's emergency, of to-morrow's speculation; and thus they departed as suddenly as they came. Years had thus passed over him in unnoticed succession; but with each he had become more seared in spirit,



and more alive to the claims of time; while eternity, by equal progression, was fading, until at last it was wholly unseen. While thus he slept in that deep slumber, from which it seemed as if he never would wake more, there was no cry of alarm to rouse him from the lethargy of death, and warn him of his danger. The breath of an approving world around him, like the wing of the Vampire, only fanned him into deeper and deadlier tranquillity. He knew that it termed him an honourable man—aye, and benevolent and humane withal—and these soothing words are the lullaby with which it sings its wayward children to sleep, or amuses and tranquillizes them, should conscience interrupt their repose.

And now, about the age of forty-five, he was landed upon his native shore; and upon the calm and hallowed day of God, was approaching the home of his youth. The present was not here—it was the past which at once expanded before his eye, and rushed upon his heart, as Dalgarnoch, in the distance, opened upon his view. That little village, with its surrounding scenery, had once been his uni-

verse, and there he had formerly been so tranquil and so happy. And what was it which made him so happy then; and why had he never been happy since then? Could these days yet be made to return, and the delightful emotions by which their revolving hours were gladdened? Would it not yet be possible, amidst those scenes whose power had been so strongly felt before, to enjoy one other year, or even month of those emotions, by which his youth was consecrated; before he should be called to lay his weary head upon the turf, and sleep the long sleep of death?

But what was the charm, his heart still asked, which once made these days and these scenes so delightful—and he dared not to answer the question. A vision, glorious but dim, and distant, like a far-off glimpse of heaven, beheld by an apostate spirit—a vision of the devotions of other years, seemed to hang over the blue distant summits, over which his fond eye hovered; and a whisper, like the “still small voice” of heaven, seemed to breathe from that calm and sacred recess, which he had abjured and forsaken. It

*days that are past!*" In a short time the sounds of the bell were heard; the road, and the different footpaths, were filled with the country folks repairing to church, but Mr. Johnston was unconscious of the passing looks of astonishment, with which he was regarded. He seemed to be transported into another state of being—the sensations of the moment were a sort of delirium, in which memory, affection, and remorse, all strangely mingled into one common feeling, held over him, for the time, a control that reduced him to absolute passiveness. He moved, or was carried like a man in a dream; and only with the exhaustion, he was able to look around him, and find himself in the well-known church, gazing around him on every well-remembered object,—but seeming to behold, on whatever he turned his eye, a visionary hand, which, like that of Belshazzar, traced upon the object, in dark characters, his fearful apostacy, and still more fearful condemnation.

He had endeavoured to drive from his heart these agonizing visitations, by joining in the worship, which he thought would act

as a sort of spell to conjure down his disquietude. But it was a vain endeavour. When he tried to join in the psalm which the congregation was singing, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; and when he endeavoured to pray in the words of the minister, his heart shuddered at the idea of approaching God, after he had so long forsaken and despised him. It could not be. He gave up the vain endeavour; and when the people were dismissed, he had searched for the graves of his parents and grand-father, endeavouring, no matter how, to gain a moment of intermission from his torturing emotions. But the search had been in vain. He then had hurried away to the inn; and there, in retirement, unmarked by any eye, until the time when he called upon Mr. Richardson in the evening, he had endured afflictive remembrances which none can describe. On that day, the voice of the past had been like the terrible peal of that trumpet, whose summons shall burst the ear of death. At the sound, the spirit which had been dead for so many years, had started into life, and trembled as if the hour of judgment had indeed been

come; and now that it was aroused, it was, that it might never sleep more.

The man of the world, who had returned to his home for the purpose of enjoying in luxurious retirement the fruits of a life of exertion, was afterwards found devoting himself to a more sacred purpose. Not only the recollections of his childhood returned, but the humility and the piety of his early years, seemed gradually to be returning in their train. From thenceforth he became almost a daily visitor and disciple of the reverend divine; and he daily seemed to be increasing in deadness to the world, and devotedness to God—in humility of spirit, that continually feared a relapse; and in gratitude to that Being who had waited for him so long, and called him though so late.

I have nothing more to add to this account of Mr. Johnston, than that his history ever since, has been that of a heart, not aroused by a mere transient burst of sensibility; but by the stirrings of a nobler and more efficient principle, and whose work will in time be perfected. He was not distinguished by a grateful people around him, merely as the

wealthiest squire of the country, and the greatest benefactor of the poor; but it was by the example of Christian principle, through which he shed a more grateful light upon all the walks of society within his influence; illustrating, from his conspicuous station, the efficacy of that faith which he had embraced, to impart real happiness, and produce the fruits of true virtue.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE SMUGGLER.

A FEW days after the incident which has been mentioned, in the foregoing chapter, the time of the season had arrived, when Mr. Richardson was called upon to make his annual pastoral visitations through the different departments of his extended parish. The duties of private catechising and instructing, however, had never been left by the minister, as is sometimes the case, to these regular and formal visitations. Mr. Richardson was a man, who had ever been instant "in season, out of season," in the work of his ministry; and wherever sickness or ignorance had existed, there he was almost daily to be found. But still, in addition to these private duties, he loved and cherished the regular routine of the good old times. And when the day which he appointed from the pulpit came round, in which he announced the particular quarter to be visited, the whole of that division was

on the alert at the stated hour; and even the children, dressed in their Sabbath attire for the occasion, would be stationed at the doors of their cottages, or upon the neighbouring hillocks, straining their eyes, in the expected direction, that they might have the first view of "The Minister."


Having agreed to accompany him upon one of these official tours, we mounted our little hardy gallows, and ascending the range to the north of the village, we passed in our course the grave of the Covenanter, and after travelling through the mosses for about a mile, we came in sight of the ocean, stretched beneath us in all its grandeur, whose deep and heaving sound had previously proclaimed its neighbourhood. It emerged upon our view in a moment, on ascending to the summit of an intervening hill. It was a noble and commanding prospect. The sun, which shone upon it, and illuminated the reposing mass of waters with an ethereal lustre, also unveiled the cloudless summits of its mountain boundaries, whose blue pointed tops reposed in the mellow ether. The rock of Ailsa was before us, crested with white



flocks of wild-fowl; and farther on, the view was terminated by the variegated hills of Arran, that threw their immense and picturesque shades upon the heathy valleys beneath. The shores of Kintyre were also visible; while more distant still, the coast of Ireland hung dimly upon the waves, like a gathering mist in the horizon. The hills of Galloway, which we saw to the eastward, were still occasionally capped with snow, but the cool breezes which they sent upon our less elevated, and more genial station, imparted to the air an exhilarating freshness, after the toil of such a journey. Nothing could be more delightful than a halt upon this commanding spot, to contemplate the calm aspect of the extensive scenery. Every thing too was hushed, as if in accordance with its beauty; except occasionally the swarms of sea-fowl gliding upon the surface of the water, as lightly as if they had been the ocean-spray of a storm that had past; or rising upon the wing with a loud and dissonant clang. But even the sound harmonized with the prospect here, for it was the wild melody of nature—a voice of animal gladness. They

seemed to render that only tribute which they are capable of paying to the Great Father, who cares for them, and provides for them, by receiving his gifts with gratitude and joy. Even the very mountains and plains appeared to breathe with life and happiness. No wonder, that in such a situation as this, the poet of heaven invokes sky and earth, land and water, and all that dwell therein, to break forth with him into singing, and raise with one united voice, a hymn of adoration to their God.

It was with a thrill of delight that I gazed round upon the entrancing scene, regarding every object by turns, and feeling as I could never be satiated with the spectacle. . "Can wretchedness and guilt dwell here!" I involuntarily exclaimed in a transport,—“surely nothing but holiness and joy reside in this abode, so formed for their habitation.” I looked at Mr. Richardson, and was ashamed of the rash utterance. A melancholy smile wandered over his venerable features. He had been looking, for some time, at a grey tower, lying in ruins a few roods beyond us, through whose rent walls the sea was visible in the distance.



"This scene is beautiful," he replied, "and might well win the heart to happiness, and to God. But, when has the spirit of man harmonized with the loveliness of nature, or given a tongue to its silent devotions? Impiety and guilt could once enter among the host of heaven, and riot among the charms of Eden; and shall so faint a transcript of abodes such as these, be safe from their intrusion? In vain has the hand of God adorned this beautiful nature like a bride, while its attractions never can win the 'brute unconscious gaze' to look upward. That building, through which every breeze murmurs, as if bewailing its desolation, has a tale inscribed upon its crumbling walls, that speaks too well of man's ingratitude and callousness." Seeing me regard him with a look of expectation, he rejoined, "It is a tale in which a romantic youth would discover little interest—it is one of those which, alas! are of every day's occurrence, and, therefore, contains nothing particularly striking. But it is from incidents such as these, that we are enabled to gather the wisdom that is necessary for active service. As we may therefore sit down,

and rest ourselves after our journey, before we proceed to the shore, I will occupy the intervening time, by regaling you with the expected narrative.—

“ When I first came to the parish, upon my appointment to its pastoral charge, this tower was not a deserted ruin, as it is now. On the contrary, it was a place surrounded with beauty—an abode containing within itself every comfort that could make life desirable—in short, it was a home of happiness, in which the heart, soothed into tranquillity, might have calmly prepared itself for another, and a still happier home. But neither the beauties of the surrounding scenery, nor the comforts of a tranquil fireside—neither the worth of an affectionate partner, nor the endearments of a youthful and promising family, could win the mind of its possessor to happiness and peace. In the desire of something more, these numerous enjoyments which he possessed, were all unheeded and relinquished. The substance was within his hand; but he cast it away, that he might grasp at a delusive shadow. And it was only when wife and children, lands and possessions, and

health and all its comforts, were gone, that he perceived the miserable delusion—perceived it, to feel with aggravated bitterness, that it was now too late.

The tower, at the period I have mentioned, was the residence of Duncan Kennedy; who, from his father, inherited that dwelling, along with a competent portion of surrounding acres; a patrimony sufficient to have maintained him in comparative comfort and respectability. He commenced in life with the character of an industrious, honest man; and, hitherto, had found his possessions sufficient for all his exigencies. But, who shall account for the first germinating of avarice in the human heart? In a short time, as his family began to increase, he became discontented—the desire of wealth began to take possession of his bosom, and the cultivation of the soil, to which he had hitherto attended, appeared, to his impatient spirit, as too slow and laborious a process to realize his wishes. He was determined to obtain their accomplishment by some short, direct course, instead of waiting on the laborious drudgery of the plough: and, accordingly, the instru-

ments of husbandry were thrown aside—his land lay neglected, and even the little plot of ground before his door, once so tastefully laid out, was now converted into the garden of the sluggard. Neither the toils, nor the innocent pleasures of a rural life, seemed now to possess any charms for him.

But with all these external emblems of indolence around him, Duncan Kennedy was far from having sunk into a state of lethargy. On the contrary, it might be seen, from his motions, that he was more active, more overlaboured, and more care-worn, than ever. He seldom rested in one place, even for a moment: his horse often appeared as if sinking under him, from extreme fatigue; and he eyed every one who passed by, with a look of suspicion and hatred. In the tower, too, he was known to be asleep for the whole day; while, at midnight, he was seen in different parts of the country, galloping to and fro, like a troubled spirit. What could these symptoms mean? His old acquaintances stood aloof, and watched all these circumstances with an eye of curiosity; while a thousand unfavourable conjectures were afloat on the

occasion. At last the secret was soon unfolded. It was whispered throughout the parish, and told more loudly in the neighbouring districts—that Duncan Kennedy had become a smuggler.

The evidence was too strong to be controverted; and, upon the fact being known, the sober and industrious withdrew from his company and pitied him, while all the dissolute became his associates; and, in a short time, he presented the appearance of a genuine outlaw, thrust out from all civilized society, pursued both on land and water by the messengers of justice—always wearing the exhausted appearance of fatigue, and the look of anxiety and dread.

At that period, the whole of the western coast, and especially this particular part of it, was completely lined with settlements of smugglers, who pursued their occupation on an extensive scale, and with a boldness which set the executive force of the law at defiance: frequently engaging by sea with the revenue cutters, and on land, with parties of foot or dragoons, who were sent to apprehend them. Upon the side of these desperadoes, also,

there were not wanting either palliations to soften their enormities, or arguments to prove that they were in the right. The excise duties were represented as a most unjust aggression upon their freedom, and it was held out as noble and manly to resist all such attempts of government: while the tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes," dexterous deceptions, or open acts of resistance, with which their history abounded, were embellished, and related as deeds worthy to be classed with those of Bruce and Wallace. Thus they endeavoured to apologize for their profession, and to aggrandize it; and also to enlist in their number all those who were distinguished for courage, and love of adventure. But the effects of such lawless conduct were too visible upon the aspect of the country, and the morals of the people. Agriculture was neglected, education limited, or at a stand; while idleness, drunkenness, and cruelty, were but a part of the necessary effects which resulted from so unlawful and precarious a course of life. Almost every hamlet and village upon the sea-coast, was a sort of Algiers in miniature, from which the midnight barks were seen stealing,



like owls from their hiding-places, in pursuit of their unhallowed occupations. Such was the situation of the country, about thirty or forty years ago. Let us hope, that, from better education, purer morals, and more extended principles of industry, these deeds are now consigned to oblivion, never more to be repeated, except in the cottage tale, and repeated with abhorrence and condemnation.

It was with characters such as these, that Duncan Kennedy associated; while all others avoided, pitied, and condemned him. Formerly, he had been a regular attendant upon the church, and faithful in all the duties of a husband and father; but now, the worship of the sanctuary was neglected, and the virtues of the fire-side abandoned. Among the sons of dissipation and misrule, whom he had selected as his bosom-friends, all his good qualities were effaced, and all their bad qualities transplanted into his own bosom. He was no longer kind, and generous, and peaceful. A hard indifference to human suffering, a defiance of every lawful exertion, with a fierce and restless love of adventure, were become his prevailing characteristics; and

these were the miserable fruits of that desperate profession, of which he was the choicest representative.

The partner of his home beheld all this—and well it was that she did not survive to witness the tragedies that followed. She had endeavoured to oppose, with woman's gentleness, the growing depravity of her husband; but her mild remonstrances were drowned in the noise of riot, or fell upon a dogged and careless ear. She lived to see her sober house become, at one time, the scene of midnight dissipation and riot, and, at another, of suspicious search from the officers of justice: and her children—she saw these, too, with a mother's tears, insensibly following the destructive footsteps of their father. It was too much to witness—her heart gradually sunk beneath its own afflictions;—and when she uttered her last prayer for her husband, and her ill-advised family; when she breathed her last sigh, and closed her eyes in death, it seemed as if every good influence had departed from him, and left him wholly and forever abandoned.

The unfortunate man had thus sacrificed

his comforts on earth, and his hopes of heaven, for the paltry acquisitions which he expected to secure by a life of lawlessness; but still he was farther from his aim than ever. He dealt extensively in the contraband trade; but though he frequently appeared to be just on the eve of realizing a considerable fortune, some extensive seizure was made—or some wreck suffered—or some cargo injured—and then there were many obstinate accomplices whom he was continually obliged to bribe largely to ensure their secrecy. Some fortunate windfall would frequently occur; but this only called out a display of that desperate profuseness which generally follows such a course of fortuitous gain, and which left him as destitute as ever. Thus he was always continuing to become poorer, and more miserable; and such was also the situation of his comrades. Though every one, at some time or other, had realized extensive profits, and succeeded in lucky hits, yet the counter-acting circumstances which we have mentioned, invariably surprised and beggared them, as soon as they had succeeded. Thus they were all poor and discontented, and liv-

ing in hourly misery and danger; while those sober personages, whom they pretended to despise, went onward from year to year, rejoicing in that competence which is equally removed from the danger of poverty and riches; happy in the friends and families that surrounded them, and moving through the vale of life, with a tranquil step, and calmly preparing for eternity.

But the time was arrived when Duncan was fated to reap to the full the fruits of his disastrous choice. He had a cutter, in which, along with his three sons, he was accustomed to make trips to the isle of Man, to Holland, and the coasts of Ireland and France, in the pursuit of his unlawful calling; and was on his return from one of these places, laden with a cargo, chiefly of tea and brandy. He had doubled the Mull of Kintyre, and was making for home, rejoicing in the hopes of large profits at last, when, at midnight, he was assailed by a violent storm, which increased every moment in violence; threatening, with every wave, to founder his vessel, that was heavily laden, unless he should start overboard a part of his cargo, and make immediately for some sheltering creek in the neighbouring coast of

Arran. But on that night he happened to be intoxicated; and instead of adopting these prudential suggestions, he was obstinately bent upon making for home, in order to get the cargo safely stowed away on shore. His sons were overruled, and endeavoured to make head against the winds; but their sails were torn, their boltsprit shivered, and the vessel still continued to ship several heavy seas, with less chance of ultimate escape than before. In the meantime, the people on shore, roused by the storm, crowded upon the beach, which was lashed by the waves, and covered over with spray. They had been expecting the return of the vessel; but they only came in time to see it afar off, in the twilight, desperately struggling against the tempest, and vainly endeavouring to make for the shore. The last sight they beheld, before the darkness completely eclipsed it, was its rigging torn, its deck covered, at intervals, with the bursting of the billows; and a flash occasionally, from the swivel on the forecastle, was faintly seen through the darkness, while its report was drowned in the thunder of the tempest,—a vain signal of distress, which could not be answered now.

Astonished at the infatuation of the crew, the people on shore kindled the beacon upon the tower, and extended themselves along the shore, making signals with numerous fire-brands. They thought they could occasionally hear the cries of distress from the ship, mingling with the wild uproar of the elements. Home was within the view of the mariners, and the star of hope seemed to be kindled upon its summit; and perhaps, they could at this moment hear the shouts of their friends, which were raised from time to time to encourage them. Vain sympathy—vain consolation! those friends they were never more to behold, and that home they were never more to enjoy.

At last the war of the elements began to subside, and the storm sunk into low deep murmurings; while the heavy surge upon the shore began to dash with less impetuous violence. They paced the sands, and raised their blazing lights, endeavouring to ascertain, from the wreck driven on shore, the probable fate of the vessel. That was soon discovered. The voices which they had lately heard, were no longer audible; and broken

timbers, portions of the rigging, and casks of spirits, were washed to the shore, and flung by the waves upon the beach. They knew the "Free Trader" too well, not to be able to recognise its fragments. The gallant vessel, which had weathered so many gales, had either struck upon a sand-bank, or been torn in pieces by the violence of the waves.

The vessel had been manned by Duncan Kennedy and his three sons, who comprised the whole of his family; and it seemed too certain to the foreboding apprehensions of the people on shore, that they must all have perished in the wreck. This was too well confirmed, in the midst of their conjectures, by the body of one of the young men, which was borne forward upon the surf, and thrown upon the sand at their feet. In a few moments more, another corse was, in like manner, carried forward. A cry of horror followed each discovery, as the multitude eagerly raised the bodies, one after another, gazed in their faces, and endeavoured to discover if life still lingered; but the spark was totally extinguished. The young men who were of a kindred age, and perhaps had

joined too often in their excesses, shuddered, and turned aside in silence, when they beheld this fearful consummation. The lifeless countenances, all pale in death, and glaring in the torch-light, exhibited the distorted features which the last fearful struggle had stamped upon them; and spoke a language more ominous than sounds could have uttered. They hastily covered them with the fragment of a sail, which had been drifted upon the shore, and carried them to one of the neighbouring houses.

“But where is old Kennedy?” was now tremblingly whispered among the crowd. All their anxiety laid to rest about his sons, was now wholly concentrated upon the father. A large fragment of wreck appeared at a distance, riding upon the water—it came nearer, and seemed to contain the figures of two human beings; and on a closer inspection it appeared to be a raft, hastily constructed, beating among the sands, while Duncan and his youngest son were lashed safely upon its spars with cords. With a loud shout, they all rushed into the water, till the waves reached their shoulders, and hauled the pre-



carious float to land, and unbound the cords by which its occupiers were secured. The father breathed, and groaned at intervals, though his eyes were closed, and his whole frame benumbed, and wrapped up in insensibility; but with the tender stripling, the contest for life had been for some time wholly relinquished; and he lay upon the beach, ready to be joined to the side of his departed brothers.

They carried the old man into the hut which was nearest at hand; and by an inadvertency, natural perhaps on such an unwonted emergency, it happened to be the very house in which the bodies of his sons were laid; but this circumstance they did not immediately discover. After they had used every remedy which their simple skill could suggest, the father was restored to animation; and with this, there flashed upon his mind the overpowering recollection of recent danger. He started upon his feet; and pushing the assistants from before him, cried out, in a tone of horror and despair, "Where are my boys?" He groaned, while his eager eye read the terrible tale in their looks. At that

moment, the blaze of the hearth, with its powerful illumination, fell directly upon the uncovered faces of his sons; and at the sight, a cry burst from his lips that made the house ring, as he exclaimed, "My sons, my sons, it was I who murdered you—why am I spared, while you have suffered—would to God I had died for you my children!" He endeavoured to rush forward, and throw himself upon the bodies; but the sudden shock upon a frame, which, though seemingly built of iron, had contended all night with the tempest, was too overwhelming. He reeled, and fell across the hearth, as if a shot had passed through his heart. He was carried to his house, and put to bed in a state of insensibility. Then succeeded a long fever and delirium, during which he raved about his children, in language that pierced every heart. Weeks elapsed in this situation, till at last the violence of disease was exhausted; and it seemed as if the fuel, which had long nourished the fires of evil passions within him, was exhausted also. And when he was able at last to talk rationally, during the few in-

terminations of exhaustion; he expressed an inclination to betake himself to spiritual comfort; and sent to me a message one morning, requesting the favour of a visit during the course of the day.

I had not been a visitor at the tower since the period of Mrs. Kennedy's death, and I repaired to the dwelling which had once been the envy of the surrounding peasantry; but now it was only the dwelling of misery. The air of gentility which once had surrounded the venerable building, and conferred upon its former possessors rank and consequence among the neighbouring cottagers, was wholly departed; and the interior of the house corresponded but too well with the exterior desolation—for nothing remained in it but a few pieces of broken furniture carelessly huddled together. In a corner of the only apartment which bore the slightest semblance of comfort, lay the wretched sufferer, the last relic of his race, who, now reduced to infant feebleness, had neither wife nor son to comfort him—who was now wholly abandoned to the kind sympathy of those whom he had formerly despised and forsaken.

When I looked upon the emaciated countenance and moveless frame of Duncan, "Is this," thought I, "the man whose deeds of daring have made the whole country ring for many a long winter night?" The hand, that so lately could have bent a bar of iron as if it had been a twig, was more powerless than that of a child; and the strength of limb which had faced a thousand dangers, and endured a thousand toils, was relaxed and helpless, unable to turn him upon the couch to obtain a moment's ease.—And this was the result of such hopes, such toils, such capabilities!—Alas! it was only another victim added to those millions, who are the galley-slaves of the devil; toiling and panting beneath his intolerable service, until they sink down exhausted, and can labour no more.

When I entered into conversation with him, I found, that his bodily disease and helplessness, were even lighter than those which pervaded his despairing spirit. Keen and piercing were now his convictions of guilt, for the warning had been too terrible to be resisted; but he talked of his sins as one who had no hope, and of his bereavement, as one who

had no comfort. He would talk of his "poor boys;" and reason, enfeebled with long sickness, seemed to wander away at the very mention of their names. They seemed to rise before his eye in shadowy obscurity—to turn upon him the same death-cold visages, and sightless staring eye-balls, which they had worn that night in the hut—and to open their pale lips, and upbraid him with his guilt, which had allured them onward to their ruin. "Oh do not blame me, my children," he would exclaim, as he closed his eyes, unable to look upon the phantoms of his own creation—"Oh do not blame your poor father, though he deserves it all; for his heart is broken already, and cannot bear your reproaches. Pity me, my dear boys, pity your father, who hourly wearies for death, and yet dares not and cannot die!" After these paroxysms, he would lie for a long time, as if sunk into a trance, through feebleness, during which he required all the cares and attendance of a new-born child.

I endeavoured to lead his bruised and broken spirit to apply to that only source of help which could avail him now. His hopes

had deceived him—the world had forsaken him—he was cast forth like the loathsome sea-weed upon the beach; and he had contracted a load of guilt, which ages of penitence could not repair, nor oceans of tears wash away. All for the present, was hopeless and desperate—the future, the future alone was his place of refuge now. I exhorted him not to tarry for a moment; to arise and flee while he might, for the avenger of blood was behind him. But, alas! those doctrines, whose import at least, he could once apprehend, though his heart might never have valued them, had passed away from his memory, and comprehension, like an idle dream of his boyhood. Years of lawless life—associates, ignorant and degrading—and a fearful accumulation of guilt, had blotted from his mind the Christianity of his early years; and my words were but the echoes of a distant tale whose incidents had been long forgot,

There was no hope at first from a mind so enfeebled and degraded, except from the contrition which he expressed, and his desire for spiritual instruction. He evinced all the ig-

norance of a child, but he also evinced all its docility. Amidst the calm of convalescence, while his passions were subdued by feebleness, he was enabled to listen and reflect; and in process of time, it was gratifying to observe, that with the deep conviction of guilt, there dawned upon his spirit the first faint irradiations of hope. The desperado, so lately renowned for deeds of atrocity and guilt, cared now to hear no conversation but that which implicated a Redeemer from sin, and a rest for the weary spirit. This was the only consolation and hope to which he now cared to look forward. The desire of his eyes had been removed with a stroke—sickness had wasted him down, and left him but the wreck of his former self; and the world contained none in whose society he might mingle, and by whose affections he could be gladdened. He was now a poor, childless, feeble outcast, who had witnessed what few even of the most wretched behold—an end of all his hopes on earth; and now, he had no wish, no care, but to obtain the assurance of divine forgiveness, and an entrance into a better existence. The earth seemed to have eluded his embrace,

and sunk from beneath his feet ; and in its absence, nothing was visible—nothing was above him, and around him, but eternity.

When the dreaded and far-famed Duncan Kennedy was able to venture abroad, after his long confinement, the spectacle produced a strange sensation through the whole parish of Dalgarnoch. The rustics looked with wonder and compassion upon the change which two short months had wrought upon him. His hair, which previous to his sickness had been black, was now thin and grey ; and the tall, muscular, haughty form, was gaunt and trembling, and bowed down, and needed the assistance of a staff. They could scarcely believe that this was the man, who only two months ago, had been the indefatigable adventurer both by land and sea, and the dread and hatred of all the revenue officers. But a change more complete had been wrought upon his spirit—the heart of the daring outlaw, was transformed into that of the humble penitent Christian. They gathered around the man who had been so fearfully and yet so mercifully afflicted. They listened to his penitent words ; they were taught by his ex-



ample and exhortations; and they pitied and hastened to assuage his sorrows. But only for two short years he was a sojourner among them. The afflictive blow, which the hand of a mysterious Providence had dealt, had inflicted a wound which was destined to be mortal; and when he sunk, at last, beneath its influence, it was yet rejoicing in that God who had punished and spared him.

His possessions have now fallen into other hands, and his habitation has become desolate; but there is a remembrance connected with that lonely ruin, which will not soon be forgot. While it moulders away in the winds of heaven, and gradually becomes an undistinguishable mass, it is a monument whose record speaks a warning to the surrounding neighbourhood. May God grant that its characters may be legible, as long as the last stone remains; and that even when every vestige is gone, the example may still operate upon future generations.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE HAPPY SUFFERER.

AFTER the good man had finished the above-mentioned narrative, to which I listened with much interest, he proceeded to a small cluster of houses upon the shore, that formed the object of this day's visit. It was pleasant to see the symptoms of expectation which had preceded his coming, in the crowds of young faces, half-concealed, which every now and then peeped from the doors and windows; or the grey seniors who came from their houses, and welcomed him long before he reached their thresholds. Every eye brightened as he advanced, and every silent countenance seemed internally to implore a blessing upon the good old shepherd of the flock. And wherever he came, those endearing acts of social devotion were performed, and those words of instruction administered, which were stored up in their hearts as a secret and beloved treasure, over which they

would fondly linger, when the lips that had uttered them were consigned to the silence of death.

Mr. Richardson having finished the round of parochial duty for the day, departed amidst the benedictions of the people. Getting upon our pomes, we once more ascended the hills, leaving the shore behind us; and were within about a mile and a half from the village, when he proposed that we should call at a cottage a little to the left, on our way. It was a hut situated between two knolls, and so completely eclipsed by their neighbourhood, that its smoke only was visible, until we had surmounted its outworks, and arrived at the very threshold. It stood upon a small, but beautiful *oasis* of green turf, situated in the midst of grey rocks, and barren heath; while a rivulet, which murmured from the hill, flowed past the cottage door with a clear refreshing stream. So secluded from every thing around, as it was—so buried in the depths of silence, and so poor and humble in its appearance, it seemed, at first, to be the abode of some anchorite who had forsaken the world, that he might spend his life

in uninterrupted communications with heaven.

Mr. Richardson halted, when he came in sight of the dwelling, and seemed to eye with silent delight its humble walls, and lowly thatched roof. It reposed in the silence, like the grey masses of granite that were scattered around it; and was so rude in its structure, that at first, it might have seemed to be a part of them. A thin wreath of smoke ascending from its single chimney, and blending almost immediately with the clear blue ether, was the chief token which it gave of being the abode of a human inhabitant.

"This," said Mr. Richardson, in a tone of enthusiasm, "is a hut which angels are often proud to visit; if, as we may well believe, they descend from heaven, and walk through the world on the errands of God, invisible to mortal eyes. Let vain man prefer the splendid palace, or the lordly pavilion. These humble walls will not be disdained by the glorious spirits, who look beyond the poverty of the world, while they are in search of kindred hearts upon it. Let the child of God be in a hovel, or a dungeon; and

still he will enjoy a more honoured and august society, than this earth, with all its glories, can afford him!"

We entered the dwelling, to do which with safety, we were obliged to stoop, on account of the lowness of the door; and when we had got within, we were enveloped in partial darkness, as the light came only through a single pane, crossing the chimney place, with a strong broad gleam. But after having been seated for a few moments within, these unpromising circumstances were no longer regarded.

An old man, apparently crippled by disease, was half seated, half reclining upon a large chair by the fire-side; and upon a stool at his feet, sat a little girl, his grand-daughter, who watched his looks with silent affection, and seemed every moment ready to start at his bidding. By the white locks, and wan and wasted countenance of the senior, he appeared to have few days remaining on earth, which could be called his own; while, from the occasional compression of his lips, it was evident, that he was at times the victim of extreme corporeal suffering. Two

crutches were carefully laid aside, as if now they were no longer needed, from the lack of power to use them. Upon a small table, which stood before him, was a large family Bible, in which he had been reading; and his spectacles were placed in the open leaves for a mark. The little light of the cottage was wholly concentrated upon his venerable suffering form, and kindled up his countenance and white hairs, with something of an unearthly lustre. He slowly turned his head at the sound of our advancing footsteps. "Well, my good friend," exclaimed the minister, with a kind voice, as he entered, "how do you find yourself to-day?"

"Happy—quite happy, Sir," replied the old man, his whole countenance expressive of joy at the sound of his minister's voice; while, forgetful for a moment of his ailments, he endeavoured in vain to rise up, that he might more effectually welcome his revered visitor, "every moment the prospect is brighter, and my joys more abundant; for every fresh pain is but another welcome promise from God, that assures me I shall soon be called home."

The fervid animation of his pale and lan-

gild countenance, which beamed with a momentary expression of health, while he uttered the assurance of faith, was even more eloquent than his words. It was the illustration of the Christian's triumph over pain, and poverty, and death—the becoming “more than conqueror” over every evil, through Him who loved us. In a moment, the humble cottage, and its squalid poverty, seemed totally to disappear from the view. In its stead was only to be contemplated the man, who was now all but a glorified spirit,—who was watching for that hour, at which others tremble; and longing for the transformation, in which he would be clothed upon with immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory.

To use the expressive language of Scripture, my “heart burned within me,” while the two venerable men, seated beside each other, engaged in a long and interesting conversation, upon the respective mercies which they had experienced—upon that divine love which had unceasingly watched over the welfare of their spirits—upon those hopes of salvation which had been kindled within

their bosoms, and through which the path of life, otherwise dark and dreary to them, had been illuminated with the light of heaven—upon those warnings which they had been from time to time receiving, from increasing pains and feebleness, that the journey of life was drawing near to its close; and the long night of time, about to brighten into the joyous morning of eternity. Both of these aged patriarchs were now come down to the verge of mortal existence, and appeared to be standing upon that narrow line which separates this world from the next. And this world they seemed to behold no longer. Upon it, and upon its avocations, they had turned their backs; while before their eyes were the gates of heaven, and the angels at hand, to welcome them. Even now, they were standing upon the threshold—they were catching the transient irradiations of the glories of that heavenly residence—and with such a prospect, so full in their view, what were the pains which they were still fated to endure, and what was that world which they could no longer enjoy?

I felt as if I had been suddenly and rudely



awakened from some delightful dream, when their conversation terminated; and even after it had closed, its impression still vibrated upon my heart, like the echoes of delightful music. I sighed, that it should have come to a termination at all. And this, I thought, is the conversation which animates the assemblies of heaven—no wonder, then, that heaven is a place of such perfect felicity!

When we had left this house of true happiness, and resumed our journey, I could not refrain from expressing, to Mr. Richardson, my astonishment at the sight of so much gratitude and joy, in the midst of such poverty and suffering. It reminded me of those tales of martyrdom, which we often read, where the martyr, rising above his tortures, rejoices amidst the flames, whose advancing he welcomes; or expires in a burst of ecstasy, upon the rack or the wheel. And this, of the old peasant, was no sudden transition from death to glory. But it was a long protracted martyrdom; a wasting away through weeks and months, in which every moment seemed to be marked by a throb of pain. And yet every fresh

pang, with him, seemed to be a motive of higher exultation, and a claim to further gratitude.

“ It has ever been thus with him,” replied the Pastor, “ since the commencement of his complicated troubles. From his earliest infancy, he was trained to walk in the ways of religion; and that God, to whom his youth was devoted, has not forsaken him in his old age. His years have been wholly spent in yon secluded spot, and in the toils of rustic employment; but, to him, the humble cottage, and the daily labours, have been sweetened by a happiness which is not to be extracted from the sources of mortal enjoyment. I often visit him—forget, in his presence, my authority as a teacher, and listen with humble deference to those words, and that wisdom, which science has not taught him—those precepts, which seem, like heavenly oracles, borne on a mortal’s voice. There it is that I am often struck with a sense of my own ignorance—my own unjust repinings—my own want of faith in God, and gratitude, both for what He has taken away, and what he has left. Even in my sacred public office

too, I have been outdone by John Donaldson. The example of so much suffering, combined with so much resignation and elevated piety, has preached many a sermon to the surrounding people, of more persuasive eloquence, and mightier efficacy, than could have been done by any pulpit appeal."

"Surely," I replied, "there must have been the occurrence of some instances, peculiarly striking, in which his example must have struck the obdurate, softened the repining, or excited the pilgrim, already travelling on the same path to higher diligence and emulation."

"Several instances of that nature have occurred," replied my friend, "in which his example has been attended with peculiar efficacy. One, especially, occurs to my recollection at present, which excited a strong sensation throughout the parish; both on account of the singularity of its manner, and the situation of the person whom it affected. I see," he added, with a gentle smile, "that you are now putting on the looks of curiosity, and preparing to hear something wonderful. But I am not about to tell you a long tale,

pregnant with wonderful adventures. Yonder is the smoke of the village, and my story will only bring you to the door of the Manse. But," he added, more seriously, "you will hear one of those incidents, which, small and trifling as it may appear, is yet one of infinite importance, from the future interests which it will implicate. These are the adventures with which the history of heaven is fraught; and upon such an almost imperceptible fulcrum, eternity often trembles and turns." I drew up the bridle of the shelty, and came nearer, that I might not lose a single word of the expected narrative. Mr. Richardson, then, having paused a few moments for recollection, thus commenced the peasant's simple story.—

About the middle of August, last year, when the muirs were opened, and every part of the heather beat up by the sportsmen for game, a gentleman, who is one of the principal proprietors in this part of the country, brought from the metropolis a party of friends, who had proposed to spend a couple of weeks with him, to enjoy the pleasures of the season.

Among those strangers, who had thus come to our parish, was Mr. Somerset, a young gentleman from England, of considerable rank and fortune; who, after having completed his studies at Cambridge, had come down to Edinburgh, intending to enjoy the pleasures and romantic scenery of the north. He had just entered his majority—was possessed of considerable learning and taste—was polite and agreeable in his manners, and addicted, so far as was known, to no particular vices,—in short, was one of those negative characters, who, without religion, and unconscious of its influence, might pass smoothly through the world, beloved by many, hated by none, and enjoying the character of a *very good man*—that is to say, of one who was perfectly harmless, and had done little or no ill.

He had rambled out with a party of his friends, who were beating up the bushes, in every direction, for game; but having no relish for these laborious sports, and being captivated with the aspect of the country, he was soon distanced, and left behind, by his less sentimental companions. This was just

what he wished ; and therefore emptying his useless fowling-pièce, he left it at a cottage, and proceeded straight to the village. He had rambled, for some time, along the banks of the Stincher, viewing the range of houses, and the stream, in those places where they could be seen to greatest advantage ; and after a mid-day refreshment at the Inn, he crossed these hills, desirous of viewing the bleak, though attractive appearance of this quarter, along with the commanding prospect exhibited on the shore.

The day was calm and beautiful, like that which we now enjoy ; but animated with a still brighter sun, and a more genial heat. He lounged in the bosom of the dells behind us, delighted with the view of mountains, piled together in wild profusion, and reposing in the depth of their silence and solitude. But, alas ! to him they had no voice which spoke of their Creator. His ears were sealed to the thrillings of that "still small voice," by which mute nature becomes the prophet of God. He only contemplated the prospect, with the childish enthusiasm of the poet or sentimentalist. He at last surmounted the range of hills,

which intercepted the sea from his view, and contemplated, from their lofty summits, the ample expanse beneath. The flood of sunshine mingled with the reposing ocean, tinging its waters with a mellow lustre; while the cloudless sky was reflected from its clear bosom. But still he wandered on, through the temple of nature, without remembering that God was here—without perceiving in its brightness, the Shekinah which indicated his divine presence. Hours went onward unperceived, amidst the contemplation of these beauties; the evening stole over sky, and earth, and sea, with soundless footsteps; and it was only while volumes of fiery clouds were closing upon the setting sun, and the whole western ocean reddening in his departing light, that he remembered his temporary habitation, which was far off, and the way which was long and critical for a stranger.

Aroused by these reflections from his reveries of delight, he turned away from the scene, began to retrace his steps, and recrossed the hills once more; thinking it would be a matter of perfect ease to find his way, either to the village, or the main road. But

in this his calculation, he showed himself to be a stranger to the country. He wandered from hill to hill; but being altogether unacquainted with the particular land-marks, by which his route should have been directed, he was soon perplexed and confused, amidst the monotony of such a waste, and knew not in which direction to turn. He would move on a considerable way in one direction—then suspect that he was going wrong—then turn back, and follow another path, as erroneous as the former. At times, too, he was in considerable danger from the morasses lurking beneath his feet, in which he was frequently sinking at unawares; and such a kind of travelling, to which he was wholly unused, with his previous rambling, soon began to exhaust his strength. The moon, also, which had, for some time, afforded him an uncertain light, and which revealed the distant mountains like tall, dark shadows, began to be overcast, and no sign of habitation was at hand.

His distress, which had at first appeared, in his eyes, a mere trifle, now began to assume rather a serious appearance. The idea



of making the wild heath his bed, though pleasant enough in poetical description, was, when reduced to reality, no very desirable matter, for one accustomed to all the conveniences and luxuries of a city life. He stood still, blaming his rashness, which had reduced him to so awkward a dilemma, without any thought of the consequences. It was in this situation, that the welcome, deep-mouthed baying of a watch-dog reached his ear. He followed eagerly a sound, which was now sweeter to his heart than music; and, after a few minutes, found himself at the threshold of that little hut, which, but for the barking of the animal, would have totally escaped his view.

His cares were now at an end, and his weariness forgot. He would have knocked at the door, or lifted the latch at once; but a deep, continued voice, which he heard within, and which impressed him with reverence, he knew not how, prevented him. John Donaldson was employed in the exercise of family devotion; and having finished the perusal of the chapter, was engaged in solemn prayer. Mr. Somerset found himself unex-

pectedly placed in the situation of an eaves-dropper, and politeness would have induced him to move farther off, until the devotional exercise was concluded; but a hand had arrested him, which he could neither see nor control. He remained awe-struck, and riveted to the threshold, feeling as if he were *obliged* to listen; while every word that was uttered, seemed to pierce through his ear like a wound, and to settle with an intolerable weight upon his heart.

He heard the old man, in a voice which seemed to breathe from his inmost soul, expressing his gratitude to the Almighty, for the favours which he had received.—Many were now in bonds, in affliction, and under the shadow of death, without hope, and without a comforter. But for him, his cup had been filled to overflowing—he was enabled to rejoice in the full bounty of nature, and the light of heaven. And, what had he done; what had he merited, to be thus distinguished above others? Why was he not now pining over the bread of affliction; and the water of affliction, or sitting in a land of spiritual desolation, where there was no know-

ledge, and where the people perished? Such most justly had he merited—and yet the kind hand of a benevolent Providence had averted from him all those evils—had supplied him, from day to day, with daily bread—had given him all that abundance which his happiness required—and, above all, had upheld, and nourished, and clothed his immortal soul; giving him to know the doctrines of the cross, and to rejoice in the promises of the Redeemer. Oh! wherewith, then, should he come before the Lord, and bow himself before the high God, for favours so unmerited, and a salvation so great!

The tone of deep, impassioned, overpowering feeling, with which this gratitude was expressed, was as touching as the language in which it was embodied. Mr. Somerset listened, and heard all this, in almost breathless astonishment. The moon, that silently moved above his head, exhibited a little hut of the very humblest description;—but what a spirit it tenanted! From an abode, which the meanest of his servants would have disdained, and in which he would have thought it shame even to kennel his dogs, the voice of thanks-

giving had ascended, like a grateful odour, to heaven. But he, the master of a lordly mansion, and the inheritor of a princely revenue—when had *he* ever bent the knee before a throne of mercy, or uttered the tribute which was due, in grateful acknowledgment? Oh! shame upon such ingratitude. He felt like a man convicted to his own face, of something base and ungenerous. No eye was upon him, to mark the indications of rising emotion, and yet his cheek instinctively reddened with the deep sensation of shame.

So entirely was he absorbed in this unwonted train of feeling, that a considerable time elapsed before he could knock at the door. In that one moment, a stream of light seemed to have been poured from heaven upon his past history, enlightening all its features with a new and portentous appearance, while his retrospective glance was riveted with horror upon the spectacle. He at last knocked, with a trembling hand, at the door, which was opened; and a step or two sufficed to bring him into the midst of that wretched dwelling, whose possessor was yet so happy and so grateful. So strongly was his bosom

agitated with its new emotion, that, unable at first to tell the cause of his coming, he looked round the walls in silent wonder; marking that miserable pittance, which could evoke from the heart of its possessor, such glowing expressions of sacred gratitude.

Mr. Somerset at last recollected his errand. He hurriedly and confusedly stated, that he was a stranger—had wandered among the muirs, and been benighted—and had taken the liberty to disturb them, that he might be either directed, or conducted to the house of his friend, whom he named to them. The son immediately proposed to be his guide, and had laid hold of his bonnet and plaid for the occasion; but he paused for a moment—the old man and he looked hesitatingly in each others faces—the stranger, who had wandered so long, must also be weary and hungry; but the only fare which they had to offer, was of the very coarsest description; and wholly unfit, as they feared, for the palate of one accustomed to delicate living. The old man, with a blush upon his cheek, pressed the stranger to rest until his fatigue was over, while, with many a stammering.

apology, oaten bread and a bowl of milk, the best they had to offer, were offered to his acceptance. Mr. Somerset had a feeling heart, that could appreciate the modesty of these honest people; and therefore he cut them short at once, by good-humouredly reminding them, that he was, for the time, a sportsman upon their Scottish hills, and, therefore, must learn to relish their Scottish fare. As he spoke, he drew his chair forward to the table; and, impressed with the prayer which he had lately heard, he endeavoured, for the first time in his life, to solemnize his heart for a few moments, and internally to thank God for this expression of his bounty. —And let those who live in the habitual disuse of devotion, tremble when they are told, that the classical scholar felt an almost insuperable difficulty to perform an action apparently so easy, as to implore the blessing of heaven upon his humble fare. When he endeavoured to think of a few fitting expressions, he could not command them; and his mind, instead of being impressed with a devotional sentiment, felt only confusion and fear. And yet he attempted the duty. He

felt as if these humble, but hallowed walls, which now sheltered him, would have been profaned for ever, had he neglected a duty which now seemed so sacred and imperious.

After he had made a hearty meal, upon the frugal articles which were set before him, he wished, yet feared, to express his gratitude, by some pecuniary compensation. His purse was in his hand for the purpose; but immediately the look of the old man and his son showed him, that he mistook the nature of that hospitality which, though afforded by a poor peasant, was neither to be bought nor sold. He departed from that low-roofed dwelling, whose piety had consecrated it into a temple of God; and, piloted by the younger cottager through the intricacies of those swamps, in which he must otherwise have been lost, he arrived, at midnight, among his anxious companions, who were alarmed at his delay, and had been preparing to go in search of him.

To the numerous queries which were now poured upon him, he answered, in general terms, that he had walked to the shore—that he had lost his way on his return; and had been

guided home, at last, by the kindness of one of the muirland peasants. They saw that something weighed heavily upon his spirits, though they could not ascertain its nature; and, over their bumpers, they endeavoured to dispel it by their unseasonable levity. They pretended to disbelieve the brief and confused account which he gave of his ramble—uttered many a sly joke on what they supposed to have been his occupations for the day, with surmises on the causes of his present moodiness; and gave him many a sarcastic caution on the danger of sentimentalizing among quagmires. Their raillery fell upon an inattentive ear. A remembrance was within his bosom, which reduced their mirth to the mere emptiness of a sound, and they were soon obliged to desist. He retired from their orgies to bed, pleading weariness and indisposition as his excuse—but he did not retire to sleep. A secret chord had been struck within his breast, and it still continued to vibrate. The prayer of the aged saint even yet trembled in his ears, and the words were fresh in his memory; and with these, there was a gloomy retrospect of his own life so



dissimilar to his—so fraught with every opportunity and blessing. And how thanklessly had these been received, and how idly wasted! To what purpose, worthy of an immortal being, had he hitherto devoted his energies; and by what strange delusion had he slumbered and slept so long?

A world of new ideas and sensations was now opened up to his view—a world which hitherto he had never beheld, and, therefore, its magnitude appalled and overwhelmed him. His soul seemed to have awakened to life; but it was like the first stirrings of animal existence, full of feebleness and pain. He was entangled in the multiplicity of his thoughts, and stung by his own continual reproaches; and, therefore, he shunned society, and loved to wander and muse alone, over ideas which, though painful, he felt he could not relinquish. It was on one of these rambles that I first met him. He was standing in the glen, about a rood or two above the manse, on the brink of the river; his hands crossed upon his bosom, and his eye fixed upon the moving water—the very picture of absorbing thought. I ventured to salute him as I passed, and he politely returned my salutation.

A few common-place remarks, which we interchanged, soon made us slightly acquainted with each other. We talked upon the season, and from thence made a transition to the topics of the day. We continued to walk, until we came to the manse, which I invited him to enter, and he complied with my request. I had noticed, in conversation, that though he joined in no remarks of a religious nature which I happened to make, yet he seemed to listen to them with singular eagerness; and from this, I felt a secret presentiment, that he was one, upon whose soul the power of religion was beginning to operate, and who might be needing the kind offices of a spiritual instructor.

This was the character of the discourse which followed, in which he was chiefly a listener, but a listener of no ordinary description. He listened, and seemed to devour my remarks with avidity. It was before our parting, and after he had remained with me for a considerable period, that he imparted the account of his adventure at the cottage. He detailed also, at full length, the impressions which had followed, and the many thoughts by

which he had been hourly agitated; and from these I was enabled to rejoice in the hope, that already that good work was begun in his heart, which would never be extinguished.

In a few days after this he departed. He found, that his companions could not sympathize in his new state of feeling; and he longed for silence and retirement, that there, undisturbed, he might seek the peace of heaven. And that peace he has now found—a peace which the world could not give him. He writes to me occasionally, from his country-seat in England, and his letters are filled with all the joy and hope of the new-born Christian; yet filled occasionally with the jealousy of one, who also knows, by cruel proofs, the deceitfulness of his own heart. His brother squires are astonished, that he has not yet offered to stand candidate for the county—that though abounding in fortune, his race-horses have been brought to the hammer—and, above all, they cannot comprehend why he so closely immures himself in his old mansion-house—and they wonder, moreover, that he indulges in a certain puritanism, altogether unaccountable in one of £8000 per

annum. Even already the whisper has become prevalent in the whole neighbourhood, that Mr. Somerset is actually a *Methodist*. But for this, and for much more than this, he is amply forewarned and prepared. He knows too well that the life of the Christian is one which the world will persecute to the end of time; but he is determined also, through the strength of God, that no persecution will induce him to forego his hopes of eternity.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STUDENT.

SOME of my readers, who have borne with me thus far, and followed the course of these unconnected narratives, may have adopted; by this time, the supposition, that Dalgarnoch was the residence of illiterate peasants only—good, sober, well-informed, and pious men, if you will; but still comparatively ignorant and illiterate.

“ Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

By those, however, who are acquainted with the history and character of our Scottish villages, no such supposition will be made, and the well-known verse of the poet will be deemed inapplicable. It would be passing strange, indeed, to find a nook in Scotland, however barren, however humble and obscure, on which the light of science had

never dawned, and which the spirit of its rustic muse had never celebrated.

Dalgarnoch, though it might appear to be completely isolated from the world, both by its situation, and the character of its people, could yet boast, with an honest pride, of some names high in the literary world, whose possessors had been sent forth from her bosom into the honoured republic of letters. An uninterrupted circulation of intellect had been continually kept up, and a close connection with learned society maintained, by some favoured individual, or individuals, emerging from her solitudes to the university, from whence they returned, at stated intervals, fraught with those "spoils of time," which they were willing to share with their neighbours. Thus a continual example was held up to their successors, and an impulse afforded to those intellectual energies of the community, which, but for this oft-repeated stimulus, might have sunk into monotonous repose. It was delightful, also, to witness the esteem in which talent and literary worth were held among them. The simple villagers looked upon these youthful missionaries

of learning, as the rising hopes and the future boasts of their community, from whom the intellectual and spiritual instruction of the next generation was to be derived; and, therefore, the deference and respect were unbounded which they yielded to those who, in point of years, were far their inferiors, and who, in point of rank and estimation in society, were perhaps equally humble as themselves.

A particular period, however, in which this interest in their behalf was most strongly exhibited, was at the commencement of the month of May, when the villagers knew that the name of every student who had honourably acquitted himself in the University competitions, would be recorded to the world. They eagerly waited for the approach of the Newspapers, (scarcely *Newspapers*, by the time they reached Dalgarnoch;) and on the fifth or sixth day, when they had reached their destination, after sating the curiosity of forty intermediate farms, the College list was searched and devoured with an eye of eager curiosity. If no native name appeared—they hung their heads, and were

silent. But if the scroll was embellished with a name which they could call their own, how happy were the inhabitants to witness this new leaf, which was added to the wreath of their literary honours!—how happy, how doubly happy, the parents of the favoured youth, to hear the tide of congratulations, and to possess such a son!

Let not ambition mock these their homely joys, and humble destiny. If Scotland has gained an intellectual name, that transcends the name of every other country, this is its origin. Humble though it may appear, it is the resting point of that mighty lever, by which the world of intellect is moved and influenced. It is chiefly from our peasantry, and the lower classes of our land, that those hardy intellects are sent forth, which, after being polished and invigorated by the rules of art, become the lights of science, and the guides of society. And that stimulus which has enabled them to toil, from year to year, in the midst of poverty, of privation, and all those countless ills which students are fated to encounter, has, perhaps, been derived from hearing, by the cottage fire, the dis-



tinctions of their predecessors, and the praises of their neighbours; and, above all, by the warm, and yet faltering congratulations of a father, and a fond mother's eloquent tears of joy.

But, above all, the instances, which had happened in the parish, during the memory of its oldest residents, there was that of one student, which had excited their friendly interest, and yearly congratulations. His name—alas, it is only now a *name*! for its possessor has already received that reward which transcends every earthly distinction. But the name yet lives, and will long be cherished among them. It embodies, in the recollections of those who pronounce it, all that is good and noble, in intellect, in virtue, and in piety; and it is used like a spell-word, to stir up his less distinguished successors to similar excellence and distinction. Little can society spare the presence of such illustrious ornaments; but society was bereaved of his labours. A stone in the churchyard, more elevated and adorned than the rest, and which was raised by those who loved and deplored him, tells of the excellence and premature death of one, whom the world lost too soon,—and whom, perhaps, it was not worthy to retain.

Henry Davidson, whose recent loss that country so deeply deplores, was the son of a man in the humblest walks of life, and whose scanty subsistence was procured by daily toil. He was, however, what is not *rarely* seen, in such instances—a man of strong natural talent, and considerable information; and, more fortunately for his son, he combined, with these qualifications, the character of a diligent and affectionate father. He had marked, that Henry, even in his infant years, displayed the rudiments of a mind of uncommon solidity and acuteness, and to cultivate this tender plant of promise, was his fondest wish. But the poverty of his circumstances was ill qualified to second his desire. Not disheartened, however, by this formidable obstacle, he resolved to devote the few moments of his spare time, in commencing the work himself; and, therefore, while he sat upon his stall, by the fire-side, with his fingers intent upon his work, his divided looks superintended the little boy, who carefully conned his lesson, as he sat at his father's knee, and laboured to secure his approbation.

From conversation to lessons, and from

lessons, back again to amusing and instructive conversation, was the change which marked the hours of Henry's early intellectual history, while he was acquiring those habits, which afterwards fitted him so eminently to excel in every department of literature. The task of mastering the elementary branches of the English language, and of arithmetic, was rapidly and delightfully accomplished, by one, who had so intense a desire for knowledge, and such a teacher to instruct him. In fact, he seemed to discover, by a sort of intuitive perception, even in infancy, that intellectual superiority was, from thenceforth, to be his department; and, in looking at the fervour and perseverance with which he laboured, and the regularity with which every thing was accomplished, the most careless eye would have discovered, that the embryo of an intellect of no common order was here. The enthusiastic heart, too, while contemplating the boy, might have formed some delightful vision of intellectual splendour, in which he would have traced, in Henry's future career, the path of another Locke, or Burke, or Milton; just as the departments of philosophy, eloquence, or poetry, occurred

most readily to his thoughts. But none could trace upon the youthful brow, that hidden intimation of an early death, which was illegible to every eye but one.

Henry had now mastered the English language, and was familiar with all those books that generally form the library of a Scottish peasant's cottage; and which chiefly consist of a medley of national songs, with a collection of our old national theological writers; interspersed, perhaps, with a few stray volumes of the writers who adorned the Augustan period of English literature. These he had closely studied, and upon these limited resources he had hitherto depended for intellectual subsistence. But now, every author had been mastered, every volume which he could borrow through the village, had been eagerly devoured; and when the fountain seemed to be exhausted, his intellectual thirst was more ardent than ever. A public education was now the desire of his heart, for his father could not instruct him further; but, with their present resources, a public education seemed to be unattainable. The poor boy, thus checked, became spiritless and me-

rejoiced, as he now did, considering how helpless his situation was otherwise. In his sixteenth year, he was thrown upon the wide world, without friend or acquaintance; and, in that department, the most unpromising of all for pecuniary resources, he was to depend wholly upon the energies of his own mind for subsistence. But the same invisible guardianship, which had watched over his tender years, did not now forsake him, when help and comfort were most required. His high classical attainments, having quickly become conspicuous, he was soon enabled to superintend the education of a few young lads, of his own standing, who had less learning and application than himself, but more money to supply the deficiency.

It is unnecessary here to give a history of his college career. That, in our country, is a silent, unobtrusive, and almost unknown history, which is filled with days, and perhaps nights of labour—with those privations which wound the generous spirit, and that unmarked, but incessant toil, which drains the animal spirits, and often imparts to youth the premature appearance of old age—a stern dis-

cipline, in which the mind has often the alternative before it, of being either invigorated into strength, or crushed into absolute helplessness.

He glided from his garret to the class-room, and from the class-room again to his garret, like a silent phantom. His solitary window generally emitted the twinkling of a taper, at the latest hour of midnight, and it was again kindled, and visible in the obscurity of the early morning ; while his face was pale, and marked with the traces of many an ardent thought, and many a laborious investigation. He clung from month to month to this beloved solitude, so closely too, that he seemed to be a thing upon the surface of this world, but wholly unbound to it ; a passing shadow, darkening it for an instant, without an object to hold, or trace to leave behind. His dwelling was with the dead, his communions with the ages that are gone ; and with the wise and good of a former world, he identified his thoughts, and of these became the friend and compatriot.

Such was the humble history of Henry Davidson, for several seasons ; a history of

thoughts and feelings merely, which, perhaps, few would understand, and in which, fewer still would sympathize. But the silent abstracted youth, whose timid manners and unostentatious appearance, made him pass unnoticed by the world, or noticed only with scorn, had gained a name which Cesar would have been proud to toil for, had he lost the Dictatorship of Rome—he was the most distinguished student in every class through which he passed. The college was his world; and it was there that he could feel what he was, and feel it with an honourable complacency. In every department, he had distanced every competitor, and through a career of considerable length, had exhibited the perfection of the most diversified talents, which enabled him to excel in branches seemingly altogether foreign to each other. So that while he solved the intricacies of the most complicated mathematical problem, or followed out a train of metaphysical disquisition, he far outstripped his fellows in transfusing the spirit of the ancient classics into his own language, or in embodying his conceptions in the bright and attractive form of poetry.

It was a spectacle most honourable to the people of Dalgarnoch, to observe the manner in which he was received by them, when he returned at each summer recess, to spend a few weeks among them. They marked with pride and exultation his progress from year to year, and prophesied unceasingly to his delighted parents, that Henry would infallibly become a great man. When he arrived, the tidings flew through the countryside, as rapidly as if they had been announced by the beacon-lights of former days; and immediately a throng of friends were assembled, and each one eager with some kind invitation. Even the children caught the inspiration, though their little hearts knew not how, or wherefore. They pronounced his name with respect; they gazed upon him as he passed by; and seemed to feel some strange undefined conviction, that Master Henry was a superior personage, and worthy of their love and esteem.

Such was the success with which our young enthusiast pursued his studies, both classical and philosophical; acquiring from these an eminence which his most sanguine hopes



would not formerly have dared to anticipate. But mere human wisdom and information—what are they, unless they point to heaven, and induce the soul to look thitherward? Without the inspiration of that Spirit which comes from God, mere learning is but a crowd of sounding names; and the investigations of science are of no more account than the paltry tricks of a juggler. Without God they will only render the heart the more callous, and lead the soul the more astray.

Henry had too well known, during the course of his literary career, that pride, with which the heart is apt to be elated, in the confidence of its own strength, and the triumph of its own achievements. The beauty of antiquity, the false wisdom of the schools, and the deeper and more dangerous sophistries of modern acquirements, had the tendency, for a time, to make the simple oracles of God to be held in little estimation. He gradually felt no disposition, while the syren voice of science allured him, to sit humbly down, and listen implicitly to the voice of heaven. The duties of religion and the word of God, were accounted an intrusion, while he ex-

hausted all his time and energies upon "that which is not bread," for the nourishment of an immortal spirit; and when he had explored the delusive depths of metaphysical science, or studied the moral duties of man, by those lights which mere unaided reason furnishes, he felt disposed to question that humbling system of the human soul, which revelation unfolds, and the severe moral duties which it explains, and inculcates. Such was, and such will ever be the tendency of learning, when pursued for its own sake alone; and first a cold indifference, and afterwards a haughty scepticism, will be too often found to be the progress by which such a spirit is at last illustrated.

It was a melancholy spectacle to behold a mind so noble, and a heart so amiable, thus setting themselves in opposition against God. A splendid career was before him—but it would only have served to make his destruction the more conspicuous, and his fall the more deadly. But the omnipotence of a divine interposition was at hand, to arrest and turn him from his errors. He became a believing, humble, and repentant, and withal a

fervent Christian ; but in what way this change was accomplished, none could tell. Some alleged, that in entering into a debate in favour of Christianity against an infidel, his heart had been so struck, and his conscience so alarmed with the force of his own arguments, that he had become a believer ; while others declared, that the change had been produced by a fit of severe sickness, which served as a touchstone, to show the insufficiency of every other source of consolation. But over this part of his progress, there was a deep mystery. That great and critical point, in which eternity is either won or lost, often turns upon a centre so delicate, as to escape the most careful scrutiny of the spectator ; and frequently, indeed, the subject himself is unconscious of the history of that awful hour, in which the angels could rejoice over one added to the number of the saved.

That mass of erudition, which but lately had appeared to his weary spirit as a dark and unlovely cloud, was now kindled with a heavenly lustre, for the Sun of righteousness shone upon it. His spirits, drained by long and uninterrupted toil, had begun to contem-

plate learning with a less partial eye; and his heart was often sickened with labours which became abortive, or investigations that led him astray. In his twentieth year, he had arrived at all the knowledge which is more generally the fruits of a long extended life: but with this, he seemed also to have acquired the characteristics of old age; for the bloom of health, and the elasticity of youth were fled. Life, within his bosom, was like the trembling taper, whose oil was exhausted, and which quivered, as upon the point of expiration; but Christianity could even yet stir up the feeble flame, and make its departing lustre glorious.

Under the inspiration of this new impulse, he had determined to consecrate to God all the talents he possessed, and all the learning he had acquired: and with this view he had for some time exerted every faculty in the study of theology, bringing to its contemplation a powerful and richly-endowed mind, inspired with a humility, which it had never before experienced. But this delightful hope was a sacred vision—a vision only from which he was fated soon to awake on

the brink of another existence. A constitution that once seemed powerful and lasting, had been gradually worn down by the unremitting application of years; while the enthusiasm with which he was inspired, had supplied him with an energy that bore up against the decay of nature, and blinded him to its approach. But now, the excitation could sustain him no longer. He awoke as from a dream, to discover, when too late, that his strength was gone, and his energies exhausted; and that the consuming influence of a mortal disease had taken sure possession of all the avenues of life. At times he felt conscious, that even his mind also was diseased, and become a wreck, as well as his body; for his memory was confused, his thoughts wandered; and it was only by occasional glimpses, that it could give indications of what it had formerly been.

He was hurried to his home in the country immediately, by his friends, in the hope that his native air would restore him again to his wonted health; but it was a vain hope. The disease was too deeply seated, to be thus removed; and he seemed to have come, that

he might only enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of dying in the home of his childhood, and on the bosom of his afflicted parents.—*Afflicted* parents!—how inadequate is that trite phrase, to express the anguish with which they beheld him, sinking from day to day, without power to help him, and without hope of relief! None but a parent, and the parent of such a son, can describe, or imagine the poignancy of their sufferings. The child of their fondest affections, the son so nobly endowed, so amiable, so pious; whose high character had shed a lustre far beyond that of rank, or vulgar fame, over their lowly cot, was now about to be removed. And over the humble walls of that cot, the destroyer would soon spread the darkness of desolation, and write in shadowy letters “Ichabod,”—the glory has departed.

For himself, he was fully aware that his days on earth were numbered, and would soon draw to a termination; and, therefore, he began to prepare for that solemn event, as the most important in the history of an immortal being. He was now approaching the confines of eternity, and lifting up his

eyes upon the distant brightness: and therefore, the knowledge, which, hitherto, he had loved too much, and sought too intently, dwindled into its real inferiority, and receded into its proper place. It might be said of these departments of the mind and science now, as of the earthquake and the fire, which passed before the prophet Elijah, that "the Lord was not there." It was now the word of God, which claimed the undivided possession of his affections; and therefore all his books were discarded for the exclusive perusal of a small Greek Testament, which was the only companion of his retirement.

With that sacred volume, he was often seen to stray, with feeble, solitary steps; so pale and worn-out, that he seemed a connecting being between the world and the grave. He would wander away to the banks of the river, behind the village, and sit or stand among the overshadowing willows, and there become as motionless in thought, as if he were a part of the inanimate scenery; while time and the world, and all their avocations, were banished from his consecrated retirement. He heard no longer that playful hum of plea-

sure and occupation, which came from the neighbouring houses, blending itself with the sound of the breeze, and the murmuring of the stream—that mingling chorus in which he had often delighted to bear a part. His eye was intently fixed upon the advancing footsteps of him, who, in a few days more, would bear him from the land of life, and his thoughts were away into that state of existence which he was about to enter. But death was not to him the king of terrors; eternity was not a sound of threatening and woe. In a few days more, he would be stripped of that mortal covering, which now weighed so heavily upon his spirit, and be rid of all the infirmities which “flesh is heir to.” In a few days more, he would enter that unutterable state of being, after which his soul had so often longed; and enjoy that emancipation, and those pure delights, which he often endeavoured to picture to his thoughts, but which mortality could only faintly imagine. Amidst these musings he would be so wholly lost, that he felt, at times, as if already he had escaped from the earthly prison-house, and was entering the unfolding



gates of the upper paradise. But these emotions were not entertained in the spirit of the sophist, or sentimentalist; nor were his delightful reveries founded like the "baseless fabric of a vision." He coupled the idea of immortality with Him who had revealed it, and the hopes of salvation with Him who had purchased it for man; and, therefore, his expectations were not the feverish dreams of a spirit elated with false confidence, and weary to be gone. With every aspiration, with every fond longing, with every exulting hope, there was coupled that glorious declaration as its motto, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

That hour of mingled darkness and brightness, which, like the thunder-cloud, will overhang every head, and lighten or darken every pillow, at last approached—an hour, for whose coming Henry had watched and longed, as those who watch for the morning, though it was with an eye dim and weary with the sickness of expiring mortality. Many a weeping countenance surrounded the bed of death, and many a heart was there to deplore a loss which they felt, as one that nothing could

repair. The little window of the apartment was shaded with a white curtain—the minister of the village was there with the friends and relatives—every eye was turned anxiously and fixedly upon the bed, and every tongue only spoke in suppressed whispers—it was the chamber of death. But the most commanding spectacle was him who lay upon that bed, over which the fearful importance of eternity was gathering—the countenance; upon which the tide of life seemed to ebb and flow with the shifting of the most appalling uncertainty. The eye was glazed and rayless, which once had glanced and spoke with an eloquence restless and irresistible; and the countenance was sunk and changelessly pale, whose hue and features were once so full of thought and emotion. With mute, unbreathing, trembling eagerness, his friends bent round him to catch his departing words—words to be treasured up as the last relics of him whom they loved, and which they would often hang over and contemplate like a secret hoard, long after the object had departed.

For a short time previous to his departure,

he seemed to have been unconscious of the presence of his friends, whom, till now, he had addressed in the language of consolation and fond affection. He lay, with eyes from which sight seemed to have departed, and with powerless hands that lay crossed upon his bosom; while every emotion which glided through his heart as it was gradually ceasing to throb, seemed unconsciously to find an utterance upon his tongue. "Saviour of men," he softly repeated, "this world is departing; every thing is sinking beneath my feet. Bear me up in this terrible moment. Bear me upon thy wings, for every stay is gone. No, thou wilt not leave me: I hear thy voice encouraging me!"

For a few moments he lay motionless and silent, exhausted by the effort; but again he resumed that theme which now wholly occupied his dying heart. In a voice, which had almost sunk into an inaudible whisper, he continued,—“I come to throw myself before thy footstool, and take refuge beneath the wings of the mercy-seat. There, I will gaze for ever upon thy perfections, and contemplate thy love, and sing thy glory.”—A

light for a moment seemed to animate his countenance, while he suddenly exclaimed, in a louder tone, "Ah! how delightful is that music; how overpowering that sudden brightness! Spare me, I am yet new to your residence—Oh! this happiness is too delightful to be borne!" It was in this sudden thrill that his spirit passed away. There was nothing like a pang—like a struggle—like a touch of mortal regret, while undergoing that separation so terrible to flesh and blood. While expressing his confidence in the Redeemer, and welcoming that home which burst upon his spiritual sight like the glory of a beatific vision—in that state so much to be envied and desired, his feeble frame became motionless, and the breath of life departed.

Surely a deep and mysterious Providence overhangs the destiny of premature excellence, which removes it from our eyes, just when we have begun to behold its brightness, and appreciate its excellence. It seems inevitably doomed to an early departure from the world. Even this was observed by the ancients, blinded as they were to the mys,

afflictions which would have passed in dark array before them, would have seared their hearts, and hardened their spirits; and, as is often the case with human nature in its reactions, they would have verged to the opposite extreme, and perhaps have become supremely miserable, and supremely guilty. But before the darkness of night had advanced, and the storm had arisen to make shipwreck of their happiness—while the sun of their joy is brightest, and when this world, in their eyes, is most beautiful and attractive—even then they have been gently transferred from approaching evils, to that abode which is their kindred home; whose communion they can best enjoy, and for whose inheritance they have been best prepared.




## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SACRAMENT.

EVER since my arrival at the manse, it had been evident, to the most careless inspection, that some event, of a nature peculiarly solemn, was on the eve of being transacted. At a particular period of the day, individuals, or groupes of rustics, arrived at the manse, not only clad in their Sabbath attire, but with countenances impressed with a Sabbath solemnity—asking at the door for the minister, in voices scarcely above a whisper, and in a manner which showed that their hearts throbbed as the question was uttered—and when the minister appeared, his address was that of peculiar mildness and comfort, as he led them up stairs to his study, and remained closeted with them for a considerable period. Then they re-appeared, with looks as composed and funereal as before; seeming to be immersed in reverential, sometimes in appalling thought, as if they had determined

upon a step, in the view of which their hearts trembled. Another obvious circumstance, too, respecting these visitants, was that they almost all seemed to be just arrived at that stage of life, when opening manhood has, in some measure, tranquillized the restless frivolity of the looks, and composed the brow to reflection. They came, and tarried, and departed, like silent shadows—in them the natural hilarity of their youthful years seemed to be banished or suspended.

To a stranger, this circumstance would have worn the appearance of inexplicable mystery; but to one accustomed to the religious practices of our land, it was not difficult to perceive, that the period for the solemnization of the death of the Son of God was at hand. And these youthful visitors were the parishioners, who were now deemed qualified to take upon them its solemn obligations, and, for the first time, to sit down to its celebration. It was this solemn step, reckoned in Scotland the grand era in the history of an individual, which had set them apart, for several weeks previous, to the study of its importance and meaning; which had quenched



within them every lighter feeling; and which now brought them to the dwelling of their pastor, that their views upon this great subject might be farther enlightened, and their fitness for its celebration ascertained.

Those of another country, or of a different form of worship, may, perhaps, be disposed to complain of that fearful importance, which, in our own land, is attached to the ordinance; and think, that thereby an air of forbidding mysticism is thrown over it, rendering a rite full of love and joy; a dark and unamiable observance. But let them only witness the sacramental table of one of our village churches—let them contemplate that deep intensity of devotion, which hushes an assembled crowd into the stillness of death—and let them peruse, with a careful eye, the effects of such a celebration in the countenances of the worshippers; or even in their lives, when the day has departed, and the world has summoned them to the duties of active exertion—there, and in these, let them read the apology for this peculiar part of our national ritual.

There was a period in the history of our land of Covenants, when even a deeper and



holier solemnity than this was thrown over the worshipping assembly. He who cast in his lot with the worshippers, by that act forsook the world, which delighted, allured, and flattered; and joined himself to men who were prescribed by the law, the victims of persecution, and every moment exposed to death. The commemoration of a Redeemer's love was performed, perhaps, in the silence of midnight, and in some solitary glen, where the sacred utensils, and elements were brought from their hiding places, with a trembling hand. Perhaps, even there too, and on an occasion which celebrated the love of God to man; even there might be seen the weapons of death by their sides, or the corselet glancing in the moonlight, from between the folds of their rustic drapery. Perhaps that hour, which joined him to the church below, would unite him also with the first-born of the church above; for death was every moment in their path. No wonder, then, that a solemnity so deep and awful accompanied a step so perilous and decisive. From the moment in which he took the bread and the cup within his hands, he renounced all that

the world could give; became an outcast banished man; and might, from thenceforth, expect nothing but a life of privation and persecution, and a death of disgrace at last.

Though these days have long since departed, yet the same spirit has been perpetuated from father to son. The young catechumen is still taught to look upon this action as the most important and decisive of his life, and for which no preparation can be too great. Accordingly, before the period revolves, he is set apart for the awful event; he is warned, admonished, and instructed; and those religious works, which form a part of the indispensable furniture of every cottage, and which contain the most valuable directions for the preparation of a young communicant, are put into his hands, and recommended to his most careful perusal. Even as he repairs to the church, you may mark, as he walks by the way, that his bosom is labouring with a feeling of deep and overpowering solemnity. Perhaps his vacant eye beholds not now the objects upon the road; nor does his listless ear receive the sound of the bell, or of the passing crowds. His heart is onward before

him at the church, and he hears only the utterance of that awful vow, by which he is thenceforth wholly consecrated to God. Perchance you may see the tender candidate, as he walks along, in thoughtful silence, accompanied by his grey-haired father, who can now close his eyes in peace, since he has beheld this joyful day; and while he clasps the young one's hand within his own, as they pace along, he endeavours to administer those confirming words of comfort and hope, whose efficacy his own heart has experienced. Such is the day and the scene which is not soon forgot. The youth may wander away to other lands, and become a sojourner in those abodes, where piety has no residence; or where God is dishonoured by infidel indifference, or a forbidden worship. But, while his heart flies homeward, like the dove to its nest, and broods over the recollection of departed days, there is one which will emerge from the crowd with surpassing brightness—one whose language will be either his severest monitor, or his sweetest consoler. That remembrance will be the table, at which his heart rejoiced, while it trembled; when, in

the presence of God, and angels, and men, he solemnly renounced the service of sin, and devoted himself wholly to the service of Heaven.

The day was in accordance with the rite which hallowed it—the air was calm and delightful; and the “garish sun,” whose gay splendour would have been an intrusion here, seemed to have covered his countenance with a veil, which softened its radiance. All was so still, that even the gentlest breezes seemed to fear, lest they should disturb the worship by a whisper. A large crowd in the churchyard, were reclining, or sitting upon the grave stones, as silently as those who slumbered beneath; while their eyes were directed to the tent, which contained a clergyman from a neighbouring parish, who bore a part in the duties of the day. Here might be seen the young sitting upon the graves of their fathers, and in the act of learning to worship Him whom their fathers had worshipped: and in another part might be seen the hoary shepherd, muffled up in his grey plaid, and stretching his aged limbs upon the spot, where, perhaps, ere another revolving sacrament, they

might rest in death. The congregation were upon the spot, where those whom they had loved, the parent, the friend, the kinsman, were laid, who here had celebrated the same rites, and listened to the same instructions: and here they, too, would, perhaps, be buried; while a succeeding generation would assemble over their ashes, and mingle their words and hearts together in social and endearing devotion. Surely no situation could have been devised more touching to the soul, and more solemnizing than this. While they assembled among the silent abodes of death, it was to worship the God of the living; and from every grave a whisper, more impressive than the words of human eloquence, seemed to issue and exclaim, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Such was the situation of that portion of the parishioners and their neighbours, who were assembled in the church-yard at the tent. In the mean time, that part of the worship which was going on in the church, was perhaps of a nature even more powerfully calculated to

arouse every feeling, and impress itself indelibly upon the heart.

The health of Mr. Richardson for a considerable time past, had been yielding to the effects of infirmity and old age; but latterly its weakness had been alarmingly accelerated. These were the warnings which assured him that his time would quickly come, in which he would enter into the home of his soul; and he rejoiced while he welcomed the intimation. But so did not his anxious and grieving people. They saw that they would soon be bereaved; and with a selfishness more unblameable than any modification of this feeling, they grieved over the thought, that they should be deprived of so good a teacher, even though that departure would be his eternal gain. The pastor, a few days ago, had hinted to some of the oldest elders of the church, who had strengthened his hands since his earliest ministrations, that this would be, in all probability, the last time of his dispensing the ordinance among them; and that once accomplished, he would be ready to depart, without a single wish to linger. The whisper circulated in an instant through the parish.

—the tidings were like the first notes of that passing bell, which announces that the glory of the land has fallen—that the king and father of his people is laid low. They came to the church—they gazed upon his white thin locks, and pale but noble and expressive countenance, as he entered the pulpit—and when they marked the symptoms of debility, and read in these, too true a confirmation of the prediction, which he had delivered, many a stern and weather-beaten countenance turned aside to conceal the tears which moistened it.

The sermon which was this day delivered, and which, on such an occasion, is commonly termed the “action sermon,” was one of more than common solemnity. Mr. Richardson spoke to them, as if he were now about to bid an eternal farewell to those symbols which flesh and blood alone require; but which are not needed in heaven, because “God and the Lamb are there.” But his hearers—they might still tarry long on the earthly side of the veil, and behold a Redeemer’s love shadowed forth, through the interposing medium of elements; “And would to God, my breth-

ren," he exclaimed, "that you could so relish these, and so apply them to your souls, as that you would still desire for something dearer, and something more close and spiritual; and long more intensely for the period, when your souls shall be swallowed up in full fruition! But, Oh! how seldom is it, that the heart can long for these living waters, to which the redeemed in heaven are led, as the 'hart panteth after the water brooks!' Sin, and the world, and this body of sin and death—all combine to blind the eyes of the spirit—to abate and pall the affections; and to draw down, and fix to the earth, every heaven-born wish that would leave this terrestrial scene, and fly upward to its God."

He terminated, with much feebleness, a discourse of more than usual length and animation. His countenance had been kindled into something of divine lustre, while, in the pulpit, he seemed already to hover between earth and heaven, anticipating an entrance into that abode, which the Redeemer's dying love had opened, and whose death he was now about to celebrate. He descended from



the pulpit with feeble steps, and took his place at the table, on which, the elements were laid before him. A breathless silence—an intensity of religious awe, mingled with the most powerful earthly sympathy, almost stilled every heart from its beating; while every eye was riveted, wonderingly and immoveably, upon him, as if by the influence of some irresistible fascination.

That alarming, but also consoling part of the service, was then commenced, by which characters are described who ought, or who ought not, to be partakers in this sacred ordinance. In this most critical part of his duty, Mr. Richardson gave no scope to clerical despotism, the desire of oratorical display, or the indulgence of ill-natured censure and bigotry. He was above the control of feelings so contemptible, on an occasion such as this. The word of God was his only rule, while he described and invited the weary and heavy-laden, the afflicted in heart, the desolate and the repenting, to come where their sins would be forgiven, and their souls healed. But the guilty, the impenitent, and the unbelieving; why will they approach the

**table of Him in whom they do not believe, and whom they will not obey? With the look of a prophet, denouncing the judgment of God, he solemnly warned such characters to retire from an ordinance with which they could hold no sympathy; while he implored them, with tears, if they yet valued their souls, to repent and turn, before it was too late.**

Such were the solemnities of a day, over which my heart was forced to exclaim, "Lord, it is good to be here!" Those eloquent lips, which then spoke of a Saviour's love, in "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned," are now silent in death; and many of those, who gathered round the feet of their venerated pastor, have accompanied him to the house of silence. But that day yet liveth, though so many of the actors upon that scene have departed. Their children speak of it, and their bosoms glow while they speak. It seemed as if a pure beam of light had come from the upper sanctuary, to shed its effulgence upon a worshipping tabernacle below; and which, though dimmed as it passed

through the hazy atmosphere of mortality, could yet afford a glorious shadow of that place where there is "no need of the sun, nor of the moon; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

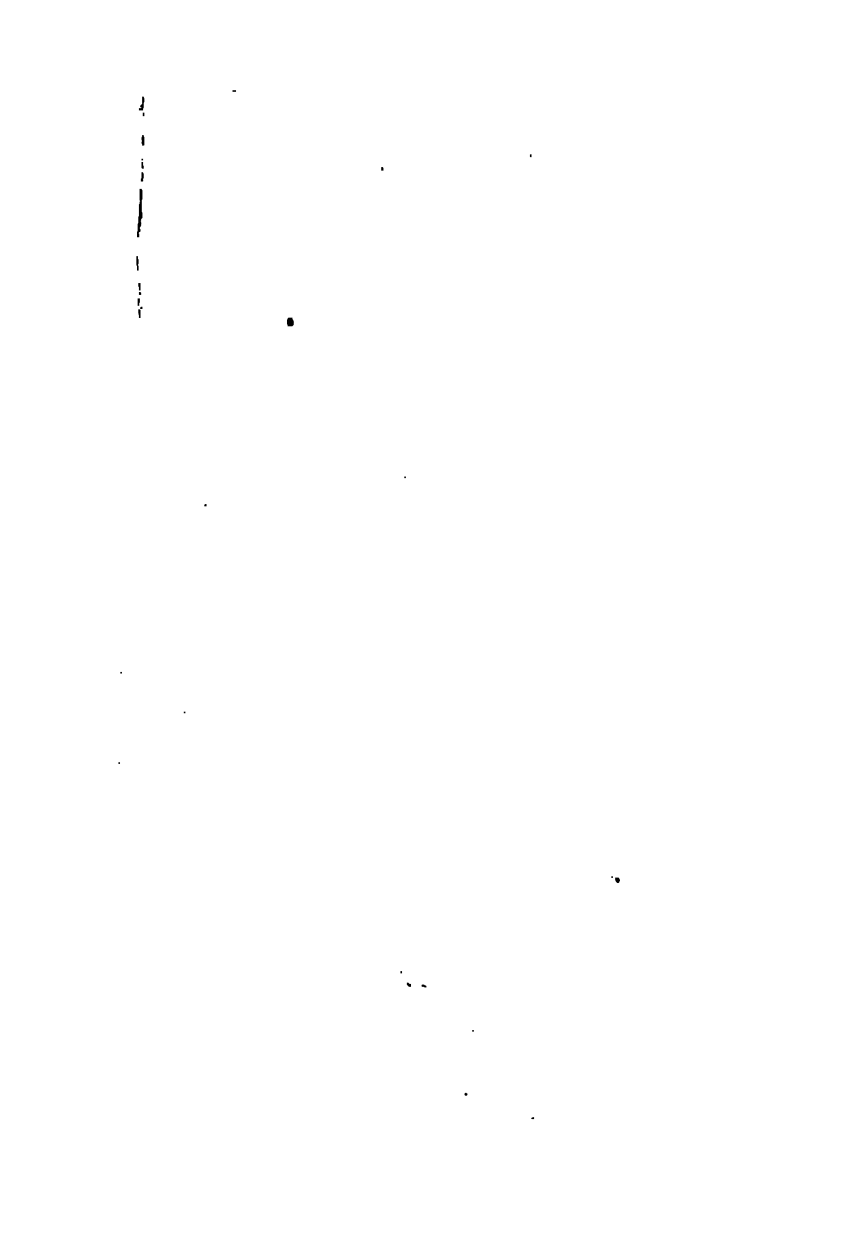
FINIS.

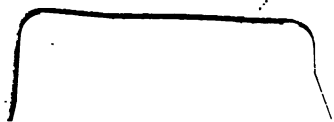


---

Printed by W. Collins & Co.  
Glasgow.







## BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY CHALMERS & COLLINS,

WILSON STREET, GLASGOW.

Dewar's Faithful Ministry, as connected with  
Real Religion. 1s. 6d. bds.

The Sabbath School Magazine for Scotland.  
Vols. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, may be had in boards,  
3s. 6d. each.

Scripture Exercises on the Beatitudes con-  
tained in the First Part of Christ's Sermon on the  
Mount. 6d.

Memoirs of Timothy Dwight, LL. D. Presi-  
dent of Yale College, America. 1s. 6d. bds.

Memoirs of Miss Fanny Woodbury. 18mo.  
2s. 6d. bds.

The Prisoner of Hope. In Four Parts. In-  
tended for Youth. 1s. 6d. bds.

Corbet's Self-Employment in Secret. 1s. bds.

Genuine Religion the Best Friend of the Peo-  
ple. By the Rev. Arch. Bonar, A. M. 1s. 6d. bds.

Cecil's Friendly Advice to Servants, with  
Dewar's Addresses to Masters and Servants. 1s.

Cecil's Visit to the House of Mourning. 8d.

Memoir of Miss M. Strachan, of Aberdeen,  
who died 7th March, 1803, in the 19th year of  
her age. 4d.

Dewar on the Duties of the Young. 1s.